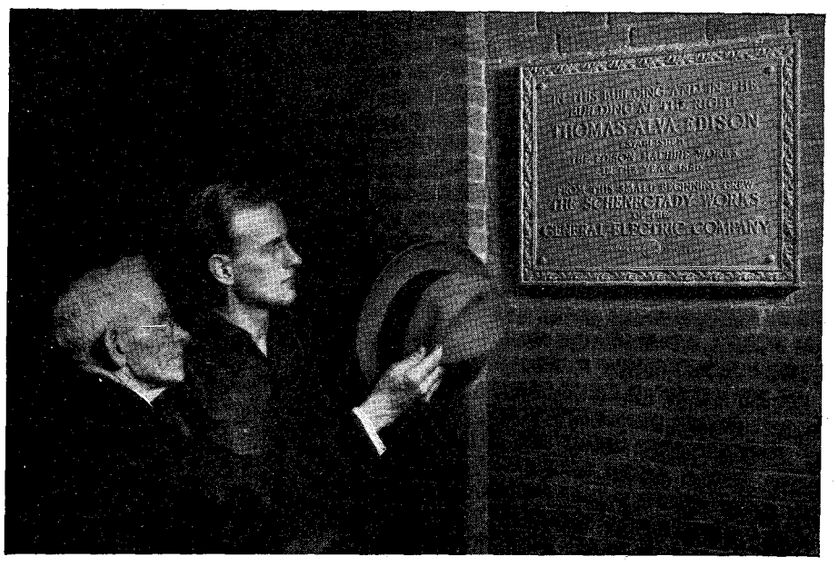

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

The Literary Digest

FOR JUNE 20, 1936

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Mail

Carl E. Akeley

Sir:—It seems to me that the article "Museum Sets African Jungle in U. S." (THE LITERARY DIGEST, May 30, page 18) gives readers the impression that the work of the late Carl E. Akeley is to be found exclusively in the American Museum of Natural History, New York. The fact is Akeley was a member of the staff of Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, for fourteen years (from 1896 to 1909), and during most of that time was Chief Taxidermist of this institution.

Field Museum is justly proud of its twenty-two habitat groups of African, Asiatic and American mammals prepared by Akeley, as well as the many individual mounts by him in various series of systematically classified species. The greater part of Akeley's work is exhibited in Field Museum's African hall. Following his death in 1926 this was dedicated as Carl E. Akeley Memorial Hall.

It was Field Museum which dispatched Akeley on his first two African expeditions. It was at this Museum that Akeley originated and developed the taxidermy methods which have since been adopted by all progressive natural history museums.

A. C. SIMMS.

Director, Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago.

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Lost Generation

Sir:—I note in your "Mail" an item "Lost Generation" by Martin V. Hoffman. I hope that he chances to read this reply. I wish to agree with him that there is a "Lost Generation," but it is not the one that he is thinking of.

He graduated from some place so he had an education. There was a time in this country when red-blooded men with inherent qualities of honesty, determination and untiring industry made good in spite of obstacles which can not be found to-day even in the most isolated communities. For the graduate to think that opportunity is gone is just because he is educated to think so. If he forgot his education and what he was taught and started to think—yes, think—and I mean think—he could make his own job.

The opportunity for a pleasant ambitious man to sell peanuts on street corners is as great to-day as ever and kids still like peanuts, and if a man can run a peanut stand he can rise to the top of the heap right here in America, and the man who thinks he can't, can't.

Seattle. VICTOR H. WHITE.

Spice

Sir:—In May 30 DIGEST, first joke in *The Spice of Life* as follows:

"EPITAPH—Here Lies an Atheist;
All Dressed Up and No Place to Go.
—*Lyre.*"

No joke about that. Altho an atheist may be a denier or disbeliever in a God, he still has the same future as all other dead men. In Ecclesiastes 9:5, we find: "For the living know that they shall die, but the dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten."

Troy, Kansas. ALBERT ROSEVEAR.

Wages

Sir:—Now that neither the National, State nor Municipal Governments have jurisdiction over hours and wages, I understand that anybody may work one of either sex any number of hours for any wage—even twelve hours for $1.00—provided the victim consents.

As ridiculous as such statement appears, is it not true? If the victim does not consent we all rise up in a mighty chorus and shout: "Why don't you work, loafer!"

Dallas, Texas. GEORGE L. PAYNE.

Bonneville Flats

Sir:—I have enclosed an article clipped from a recent issue, and I am calling your attention to a remark which, I think, you should correct. It is, namely: "In the whole civilized world there is *exactly one* known spot—the beach at Daytona—where the *Bluebird* can be driven, etc."

Now, as every one knows, Sir Malcolm achieved his object (300 m.p.h.) not in Florida, but on the Salt Flats at Bonneville, Salduro, Utah, last summer. Moreover, these flats—as a speedway—were not unknown in 1933; for Barney Oldfield (so I have been told) tested a Stanley Steamer on these same salt flats many, many years ago. J. E. SCHWARTZ.

Ogden, Utah.

[The words were taken from a newspaper account published early in March, 1933. See LITERARY DIGEST, September 14, 1935, which describes Sir Malcolm Campbell's record-breaking driving at Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah. —*Editor.*]

"A DANGEROUS PRECEDENT!"
—Page in the Louisville Courier-Journal

Haircut

Sir:—I quote from a recent issue: "To cheat the barber, Prof. W. T. Astbury, of Leeds University, England, advises: 'Expose your head to X-rays for six hours, then to steam for two hours.'"

This patient will never need another haircut. Such an X-ray dose will destroy all hair and most of the scalp. It might be well to warn your readers. Of course no experienced worker will try the stunt, but some novice might be tempted. PHILIP H. COOK, M.D.

Worcester, Massachusetts.

Fanatical

Sir:—To most people the word fanatical connotes some condemnation. You say that Jehovah's Witnesses are fanatical in not saluting the flag.

In your opinion, were the early Christians fanatical in not saluting the emperor's statue? If not, what is the distinction?

LEO WOLFENSTEIN, M.D.

Cleveland, Ohio.

[Fanatical is defined in Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary as "actuated by intemperate zeal."—*Editor.*]

Book

Sir:—I am amazed and disappointed that you waste space on a review of a book, "Surplus Prophets," by an anonymous writer.

Apparently it is the effort of a "Smart Aleck" New Dealer and like the rest of them, he doesn't feel it necessary to give entire quotations; he wishes to convey erroneous impressions, and does so.

I point particularly to Mr. Hoover's "Grass will grow in the streets"—which has become a sort of theme song of the New Dealers. What Mr. Hoover said is: "If protection to American industry and agriculture is taken away, grass will grow in the streets of a hundred cities, a thousand towns; the weeds will overrun the fields of a million farms." That prophecy still holds good. ELEANOR SCOVEL MILLER.

Philadelphia.

Townsend

Sir:—To the eminent Doctor Townsend must be awarded the honors for his justifiable repudiation of an investigating committee who periodically infest the Halls of Congress. Regardless of the practicability or otherwise of his all-too-generous plan, Doctor Townsend has at least given a promising hope to millions of destitute Americans who can no longer be disregarded by a wise and beneficent nation. They are the real "forgotten men and women" of this country and must still be indisputably recognized as loyal American citizens with very definite ideas and purposes. HARRY CLARKE.

Long Beach, California.

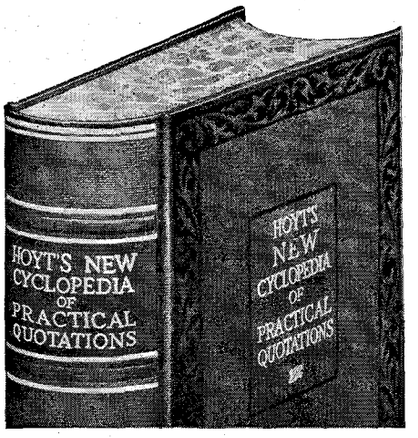
Error

Sir:—Of all the articles you have published about Germany, there is hardly one which does justice to the Third Reich. In fact, there is none which does not in one way or other misrepresent actual conditions or at least tend to confuse outsiders.

However, the authors of these articles, who pretend to be "experts" in German affairs but, in reality, are nothing but paid agents of a certain clique, do not seem to know the very first thing about geography as far as their pet subject—Germany—is concerned. Or, otherwise, how is it possible that there is to be read in your May 9 issue, under the heading, "Tyro Fuehrers, etc.": . . . lining up at Sonthofen, in the Bavarian Alps, where the Elbe (?) runs like a green, quivering ribbon, etc., etc. . . ?

San José, Costa Rica. HUBERT KOBERG.

[See explanation in May 30 issue.—*Editor.*]



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The Literary Digest
NEW YORK JUNE 20, 1936

Topics of the day

YOUNGER REPUBLICANS IN THE SADDLE

Their Lochinvar Rides Out of West; Old Guard Steps Aside

"Climb up on the bar, John, where we can see you!" Young John Hamilton elbowed through a hundred pushing reporters and clambered up on a window-sill, where he stood arms akimbo.

"This will do the trick," he said, laughing. Half a dozen crestfallen photographers lowered their cameras. John Hamilton on a window-ledge wasn't nearly so good a shot as Alf Landon's campaign manager perched atop a bar. But they couldn't catch John Hamilton napping.

Twice a day last week he held press conferences in the Hollenden Hotel and permitted the scores of reporters covering the Convention in Cleveland to question him.

While he kept the news-pot boiling, joked with delegates, and put off indignant sightseers who demanded seats in the overcrowded convention hall, other young Landonites went briskly about the business of keeping their champion's name foremost in convention conversation.

Newcomers to Power—They were youthful not in age or enthusiasm but rather in the sense that they were business or professional men new to politics. For instance, there were Roy Roberts and Lacey Haynes of the Kansas City *Star*, who had been dropping shrewd political advice in the Kansas Governor's ear for eighteen months. There was Oscar Stauffer, owner of a chain of newspapers in Kansas, who answered questions and did the talking when Hamilton was not around.

These were the wheel-horses of the Landon band-wagon. There were others who, tho they may not have clung excitedly to telephones connecting them at odd hours of the night with the Governor's Mansion in Topeka, were pivotal parts of the Cleveland convention machinery.

There was Earl Warren of California who, because he feared it would be politically damaging to the Kansan to have William R. Hearst listed among his supporters, stubbornly blocked the attempt of the publisher to bind that State's delegation into a neat package labeled "for Landon."

There was George F. Harding of Illinois, who had played a large part in putting C. Wayland Brooks over as the Republican nominee for Governor of his State.

These men stood out in the battalion of new "young" operators who handled the controls at Cleveland last week. They were typical of a convention 80 per cent. of whose delegates had never before held such positions.

Historians noting that the Republican center of gravity had rolled over the Appalachian Mountains, the Valley of the Ohio, and into the prairie regions of the Midwest, delved into dusty files in search of an answer to the question: What has happened to the Republican Party of old?

They saw that in the Congressional elections of 1930 and the Presidential election of 1932, Republican heads had been lopped off mercilessly; that in the mid-term elections of 1934 only four Republican Governors had slipped through the inexorable Democratic sweep. With most of its leaders gone from the Senate, the House, and from State Executive Mansions, the Republican Party flopped to the ground inanimate and purposeless.

Throughout 1933 and 1934 it stirred fitfully in its slough of inactivity and sent up feeble protests against the New Deal. Then in January, 1935, at a Kansas Day dinner in Topeka, Republicans gave notice that they were struggling back.

A slim, red-headed young Kansan whose ability as a speaker and an organizer had brought him some prominence in State political circles, suggested to his fellow Republicans over after-dinner coffee that Kansas and her neighbor States take the lead in reviving the languishing G.O.P. elephant.

John Hamilton's idea was received enthusiastically; it took concrete form six months later in the "Grass Roots" Convention at Springfield, Illinois. ("Grass Roots," a phrase in the political vernacular of the Prairie States, means "near the people.") In their "Grass Roots" Convention the western Republicans hoped to rid their Party of the taint of "Big Business" and get it back to the people.

Small-town business men, bankers, and farmers piled their wives, children and suitcases into automobiles and stormed into Springfield. They had something on their minds. Two weeks earlier President Roosevelt had denounced the Supreme Court's decision on the NRA and had raised the meaty issue of the adequacy of the Constitution.

The 6,000 Grass Roots delegates made "Save the Constitution!" their keynote and for two days applauded speeches by John Hamilton, Harris E. Spangler of Iowa, and others, upbraiding President Roosevelt and condemning the New Deal program.

But more important than the speeches or resolutions of the Grass Rooters was the fact that when they went back to their farms and Main Streets they were in a fighting mood. Their Convention had been a hypodermic needle in the sluggish Republican arm. All that was needed was a leader around whom revived Republicans could rally.

Electrifying Word—Then in July, Alf Landon stepped before a microphone as the guest speaker of the National Economy League and announced that Kansas had balanced her budget for the fiscal year 1934-'35. At Springfield the Grass Rooters had taken half a dozen good whacks at the Roosevelt spending program. News of budget-balancing by a Republican was almost as welcome as rain falling on a drought-stricken wheat-field. The Landon boom sent forth its first faint rumble.

During the next eleven months the grip of the Middle West grew firmer and firmer until the Republican Party passed completely from the control of the Easterners

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Gov. Alf M. Landon and Col. Frank Knox: The ayes had it

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at the "unbossed" Cleveland Convention. As Hamilton, Oscar Stauffer and the other young Westerners went smoothly about the business of securing the nomination for Landon, the "Grass Roots" rejuvenation of the Party reached its full flower, surpassing in news value the nominating of Alf Landon for President and Col. Frank Knox for Vice President.

Old leaders wobbled and fell, or saved their skins by making a flying leap for the Landon band-wagon as it rumbled by. Sixty of New York's ninety delegates broke away completely from the leadership of Charles D. Hilles, an Old Guard leader who has figured prominently in the last four Republican Conventions, and refused to seat either Ogden L. Mills or Representative James W. Wadsworth on the Resolutions Committee.

Others Side-Tracked—David A. Reed, Old Guard leader from Pennsylvania and one-time spokesman for Andrew Mellon in the Senate, was beaten for reelection to the National Committee by a small-town lawyer named G. Mason Owlett. Former Senator James E. Watson kept his post as Chairman of the Indiana delegation but lost his fight to keep his followers out of the Landon column. Rather than wear a Kansas sunflower in his buttonhole, he kept the Landon emblem in his pocket.

The Republican youth movement swept through the Ohio delegation, deposed Walter F. Brown, Postmaster-General under President Hoover, and put in his place on the Committee Frank F. Garrett, a coal dealer from Massillon (pop. 26,400). In the Illinois delegation Frank Smith, a long-standing politician who once ran for the Senate, was replaced by George F. Harding, a business man for whom politics is only an avocation.

Aside from the desire of the Western Republicans to take their Party back to "Grass Roots," the hope existed that a change in party leadership and principles would be instrumental in bringing back to the fold the Progressive element that had bolted to Theodore Roosevelt's Bull Moose Party in 1912 and had abandoned Hoover in 1932 to march under the banner of the second Roosevelt.

Fighting Leader—At the head of the list of new leaders of the Republican Party stands the square-jawed, nimble-witted John Hamilton, lawyer and former Speaker of the Kansas House of Representatives.

Last March, five months after Roberts, Haynes, Stauffer and others of the "newspaper crowd," began sending out leaflets on the career and achievements of Alf Landon, Hamilton resigned from the Republican National Committee to work exclusively for the nomination of the Kansas Governor. For six weeks he junketed back and forth across the country talking to local political leaders and pumping vigorously for his candidate.

Slip on Vandenberg—The hundreds of newspaper correspondents watching him closely during the four days of the Convention noted only one Hamilton slip: He failed to draft Vandenberg for second place on the ticket; control of the delegates went completely out of his hands and the backers of Frank Knox craftily eased their man into the nomination for Vice President.

Which of the half dozen candidates Hamilton would have supported had he not been thrown off his balance by Vandenberg's flat refusal to run, none of the delegates had a chance to learn.

Acme

John D. M. Hamilton, Campaign Manager for Governor Landon: His job has just begun

Samuel G. Blythe, veteran correspondent who covered the Convention for the North American Newspaper Alliance, observed enthusiastically that the success of Landon was "a token to the country" that the dominating force of the Republican Party had moved from East to West.

"It is not for these non-partizan dispatches to conjecture whether this campaign will succeed or fail. What has been written here is a news record of an astounding and most significant demonstration of the mutability of American politics," he wrote.

"We have seen something here at this Cleveland Convention that never was seen before in this country. We have seen a party raise itself from the moribund to the animate. Whatever may happen at the polls, this is a significant and a momentous event."

Editorial Views—Editorial writers also found much to think about in the events at Cleveland. "A new birth is taking place in the Republican ranks," noted the Manchester (Vt.) *Union*, "not by abandoning party principles but by building anew upon the foundations of the past. It is a natural evolution and not a revolution."

The revival of the party has come from the soil, the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* thinks, "from the bottom up rather than from the top down." "It has developed, that is to say, without noticeable leadership, but in and of itself."

The Richmond *Times-Dispatch* thought the change in the leadership of the Party more noteworthy than any strength Landon may have shown. The old leaders, it declared, were little more important at the Convention "than last year's birds' eggs. Their sun is in eclipse, as the Republican Party, which, after the debacle of 1932, seemed to be hopelessly on the decline, strives to regain its position in the political world."

The Dallas *News* scornfully termed the Cleveland Convention "a gathering of the hungry who are not on relief but who want relief in the form of offices." It went on: "The Grand Old Party, once accustomed to the flesh-pots, has for four years tightened its belt and done without. . . . It is important for the future of the Republican Party that it should turn for leadership away from the old line to the new."

G. O. P. PLATFORM: Borah Demands Three Planks, Gets Two; Committee Besieged by Scores

In an empty dining-room of a Cleveland Hotel, Senator Borah faced 200 reporters and stated soberly that if the Republican Party's platform was to have his support it must have an anti-monopoly plank more severe and more convincing than any it had ever had before.

Representative Hamilton Fish of New York wondered why he had not been consulted on the Party's foreign relations plank. Col. Frank Knox warned that he would have nothing to do with a platform studded with "weasel words." William Green turned up to offer nineteen labor planks on behalf of the A. F. of L.

The National Woman's Party demanded a constitutional amendment giving women equal rights before the law with men. Fifty separate organizations sent spokesmen urging a strong peace plank.

Thus besieged on all sides last week, the Resolutions Committee of the Republican National Convention settled down to the arduous task of forging a platform that would catch the eye of relief workers and bank presidents, college graduates and octogenarians, Minnesota farmers and West Virginia coal-miners.

Borah's Attitude—Senator Borah, having convinced his party that he was a serious contender for the Republican nomination, was the person to whom the Landon-controlled Committee felt most obligated. With Borah stumping for the platform, Republicans stood a good chance of carrying Idaho and her neighbor States.

With Borah sulking in his tent during the campaign as he has done in the last two Presidential elections, prospects of carrying any part of the Northwest were dim.

Of the three planks demanded by the Idaho Senator, anti-monopoly, anti-foreign alliances (such as the League of Nations), and anti-gold standard, he got the first two. Before the Convention adjourned, he stamped out of Cleveland without saying whether or not he was satisfied.

Having thrust Borah from its mind, the Committee set about the business of cajoling other individuals, blocs, and regions. Constitutionalists got a declaration upholding the authority of the Supreme Court. The unemployed got relief, but handled by the States rather than by the Federal Government.

Labor got collective bargaining, old-age pensions administered on a pay-as-you-go basis, and the elimination of sweat-shops and child labor. Farmers got soil conservation and government assistance in disposing of surplus crops.

For business there was "sound money," the repeal of the Reciprocal Trading Act, and a demand that the Government withdraw from business. For militarists

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"adequate" Army, Navy, and Air forces were recommended. For pacifists there was the hope that peace would be maintained by all "honorable means."

Finally there was a telegram to the Convention from its Presidential nominee interpreting the sound currency plank to mean a return to the gold standard and the labor plank to mean a constitutional amendment, if necessary, giving States the power to regulate wages and hours.

Press Opinion—The *Tri-Cities Daily* (Ind.-Dem.) of Sheffield, Alabama, decided that the monetary plank was "meaningless" in view of "Landon's gold standard leanings." But the Albert Lea (Minn.) *Tribune* (Rep.) liked the gold plank and everything else in the platform. "We confidently expect to see Minnesota in her old place, the G. O. P. column," said the paper.

The Excelsior Springs (Mo.) *Daily Standard* (Ind.) observed that "Borah's foreign relations plank added much to the platform, while the pay-as-you-go relief plank will catch popular imagination."

The Burlington (N. C.) *Times-News* (Ind.-Dem.) was scornful of the platform's labor provisions. "A minimum-wage plank and a constitutional amendment, all in one breath! And from that stalwart party of Save-the-Constitution-at-all-costs fame!

"Verily, all the miracles are not those of science or the Bible. . . . Did some one say the Democrats were the Party of political opportunism?"

The Alexandria (Va.) *Gazette* (Dem.) summed up derisively: "Viewed in the light of existing conditions, it seems to us that the Republican Convention, finding itself very much in the same position as the proverbial drowning man who clutched at a straw, was doing the best it could under the circumstances."

Other papers in small towns scattered throughout the country thought the platform fitted the candidates nominated by the Party. "Governor Landon, tho not close to Washington affairs, has shown that he can approach such problems with perspective and an open mind, as he has done while Governor of Kansas through these trying years," observed the Newport (R. I.) *Daily News* (Ind.).

Typical was this comment by the Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Ind.):

"Were it not that the citizenry had been assured that Scholar Roosevelt's trek across the mesa—a journey that burned about 100 words to the mile—has no political implications, there might be a misunderstanding.

"For instance, Tourist Roosevelt, speaking casually (2,500 words) at Little Rock, praised Thomas Jefferson's courage in the Louisiana Purchase, and added 'nobody carried the case to the Supreme Court.' . . . This does not recall to memory the one about the horse and buggy. Perish the thought."

Gravely the New York *Sun* (Ind.) reminded its readers that the Louisiana Purchase "invaded no rights of Americans. It did not regiment Americans. It did not rob one American to enrich another. That is the difference between 1803 and 1933."

The Baltimore *Evening Sun* (Ind.-Dem.) saw the President taking over a Republican battle-cry. "From the wilds comes a stentorian shout of 'Save the Constitution!' it remarked.

"And who is this Lochinvar out in the West who comes rushing to the rescue. . . ? He is Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Rescuers All—"Well, it is nice to know that the Constitution is so well protected. The Republicans have been saving it for three long years, so perhaps they are tired. However, that doesn't matter, for even if they quit, Roosevelt will save it from now on.

"And what are you giggling about?"

Other papers, however, saw no humor in the situation or issues. "President Roosevelt in his quiet, convincing way, discussed a topic which nary a speaker at the Cleveland Convention would dare touch upon," said the Philadelphia *Record* (Ind.).

"While the Old Guard spellbinders paid clumsy homage to Jefferson democracy in their frantic bid for votes, President Roosevelt called attention to the fact that thirteen of our forty-eight States are probably unconstitutional—in the minds of reactionary lawyers. . . .

Note of Approval—"Mr. Roosevelt's speech is another of his sound, sensible temperate talks to his fellow citizens."

From Dallas itself came another sober interpretation of the trip.

"It begins to be clear that there is more than coincidence in the introduction of Senator Ashurst's constitutional amendment proposal on the eve of the President's trip," said the Dallas *News* (Ind.-Dem.).

"The President's two major addresses in Arkansas and Texas trend toward making it a campaign issue, difficult as it is to envision a Democratic Convention at Philadelphia renouncing States' rights by platform."

TOURING PRESIDENT: Press Divided on Speeches During Republican Convention Week

When aids of President Roosevelt gravely pronounced it a mere coincidence that his jaunt to the Middle West and South came at the same time as the Republican National Convention, editorial tongues shot into cheeks.

Eyebrows lifted when the White House announced that the speeches he made at various celebrations en route would contain "purely historical" material, and that there would be no conflict with Republican publicity.

Then over news tickers began to burn the Presidential addresses before great crowds at the Arkansas Centennial in Little Rock, at the $25,000,000 Texas Centennial in Dallas, and the dedication of a monument to George Rogers Clark in Vincennes, Indiana. It was too much for some editors—a storm of irony broke loose.

MAJOR "MUSTS": Congress Has Two Jobs to Finish—Iron Out Tax Bill and Pass Relief Program

When Congress adjourns, perspiring Senators and Representatives, in sagging seersucker and limp linen, give a whoop and make a dash for the depot in flight from Washington's summer heat. They leave behind them the cares of the chaotic closing days, the strain of night deliberations, and a bunch of bills on the White House desk awaiting the President's pen.

Even an abnormal breathing-spell like last week's recess—brought about by the Republican convention and the sudden death of Speaker Byrns—is not enough to stall off the last-minute rush.

When the blinds were lifted again in Capitol office-windows on Monday, Congressmen had two major jobs to do before they could go home. They had to iron out a muddled tax bill and pass the Administration's relief program. Also in conference, heading for a vote, were the Treasury, Post Office and Interior Appropriations, lobby registration, price discrimination and liquor-tax measures.

Growing "Musts"—Taxes and relief dragged through the second session of the Seventy-Fourth Congress almost from the start.

When President Roosevelt delivered his controversial night radio message on the state of the Union while January winds howled outside, Congress knew of only two "must" measures—relief and neutrality.

Scarcely had the legislative mill begun

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Representatives and Senators waste no time buying their tickets home, when Congress adjourns

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to operate before circumstances threw other urgent matters into the hopper.

The Supreme Court tossed out the AAA's crop-control program for farmers. This necessitated passage of the soil-conservation act to permit agricultural bounties, after the way had been cleared by the repeal of three farm acts allied with the AAA.

Then passage of the veterans' bonus bill over the President's veto piled $2,000,000,000 on the debit side of the ledger. The soil-conservation and bonus bills helped swell appropriations for the session to approximately eight and a quarter billion dollars. Thence the call for new taxes.

Capitol optimists had talked early in the winter of adjournment by April, but further obstacles appeared.

Nature Intervenes—Spring floods revived flood-control agitation, leading to the enactment of the bill which awaited the President's signature as he returned from his Southern trip this week.

The usual appropriation bills were checked off along the way. Funds allotted to the Navy and War Departments set peace-time records to build the Navy up to treaty strength and to motorize the Army.

Side attractions stole the spotlight from time to time. J. P. Morgan's frankness in testifying about transactions with England before and during the War enlivened the munitions inquiry. Dr. Francis E. Townsend's defiance in walking out on the Old Age Revolving Pensions plan investigation brought him a contempt citation. Silas Strawn and William Randolph Hearst stirred a tempest over telegram seizures.

Probes into the *Morro Castle* shipwreck, into air-plane disasters, railroad financing, wool-marketing and cotton cooperatives commanded their share of head-lines.

Congress stopped making laws long enough to impeach a Federal Judge—Halsted L. Ritter, of Florida—on a charge of "bringing his court into scandal and disrepute."

The business of Congress never is finished. Always there are bills that fall by the wayside. Since this is the second session of the Seventy-Fourth Congress, those lost in the scramble will have to be introduced anew when the next Congress convenes after the turn of 1937.

Costs Criticized—Without waiting for the final drop of the gavel, newspapers looked back over the five and one-half month labors.

Noting that nearly $18,000,000,000 has been appropriated in two years, the Providence *Journal* protests:

"This excessive diversion of the national income into political channels helps to explain why the wheels of industry do not revolve more rapidly than they now do. . . . It is a trend that, unless arrested, will in time create a dry rot in the economic system of this nation."

BONUS TIDE: Veterans Get Their Bonds; Many Lines of Business Hopeful

"If veterans want to cash their bonus bonds and buy our cars," one of the nation's leading automobile executives exclaimed heatedly, "well and good. But I'm damned if I'll urge them to do anything but hold onto one of the most liquid and attractive securities in the world to-day!"

Most other business men with something to sell saw in the 3,375,000 fat brown envelops delivered by postmen last Monday a chance to grab off a goodly portion of the $2,300,000,000 for which veterans' organizations fought a winning fight. Dealers polished up new and old models, hopeful that gleaming stream-lines would act as magnets for some 15,000,000 of those dollars. Builders and real estate agents unrolled neat blue-prints.

Jewelers laid out trays of solitaires and wedding-bands.

Chiselers, too, dusted off their gold bricks and touched up the spots where gray lead showed through the gilt. Engravers etched fine lines on steel plates that would presently make attractive impressions on crinkly stock certificates.

But conservative business for the most part fell in line behind Thomas Buckner, New York Life Insurance Company head, in agreeing with the automobile executive.

Basis of Distribution—Postmen brought an average of $583 to each man—in $50 "baby bonds," with a Treasury check for the odd balance. The amounts in each case represented what was left of Adjusted Service Certificates voted by Congress in 1924 with a view to bringing the pay of uniformed troops up to the level of the lowest-paid war-time civilian worker. This adjustment was figured on a basis of $1 a day for domestic service, $1.25 for overseas, less first sixty days' service. Maximum was around $1,585, varying a few dollars according to the veteran's age. Most of the veterans had borrowed up to 50 per cent. of face value by 1931.

Now they are getting the last of it, and Congress, in anticipating the 1945 maturity date, specifically stated that there would be no more, ever. None the less, more pension may be the next demand of the doughboys' lobby. The Veterans of Future Wars say: "Certainly! The more, the better!"

Generosity Historic—Precedent for generous government treatment of veterans was established when Washington paid off the Continental Army with grants of western land after the American Revolution, and then in 1818 gave additional pensions and disability grants.

Pension fights followed the War Between the States, and red tape so entangled the recipients that "claim agents" sprang up, showed how to get the money quickly, and walked off with half of it. In 1890 a surplus in the Treasury induced Congress to increase pension payments, so that even as death cut down the number of claimants, the cost to taxpayers actually rose.

"Old soldiers never die—" goes the song; widows, too, are long-lived. Last year there were still four widows of the soldiers of 1812—married long after the war—drawing their monthly stipends.

The individual pension payments seldom are large enough to cause concern—the average for veterans of 1861-'65 runs only $30 monthly—but the total snowballs into a large proportion of total Government expenditures. Since the Revolution, this country's veteran payments have aggregated more than $17,000,000,000.

Wide World

Signing bonus checks and bonds, even with fifteen automatic pens, is a big job for C. F. Allen, Chief Disbursing Officer of the Treasury Department

CONGRESS AIDS: Many Veterans Not Members Help Along Its Work

When 520 Senators and Representatives go home to patch political fences, Capt. George Wehnes Calver, of the Navy's Medical Corps, Attending Physician at the Capitol, probably will go fishing.

Six feet tall, solidly built, with graying hair, but youngish-looking for his forty-nine years, he has fished the entire Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida, most of the Gulf, and much of California.

Navy Rule Waived—Since 1928 "Doc" Calver has been peering at Congressional bumps and bruises through his spectacles. He's the only one to have held the job.

As a commander he was getting $6,800 a year. Congress gave him the fourth gold stripe of a captain, but the Comptroller General disallowed more pay. Now, an amendment tacked to the end of the section for "care of the dead" of the Navy Department, page 36 of the Naval Appropriations Bill as passed by the Senate, will give him approximately $7,500 a year.

Song of the Rail—Another Congressional henchman whose duties require constant attendance is Fred Vogelsang, yodeling trolley-motorman who shuttles back and forth between the Capitol and Senate Office Building in the little monorail electric train which carries Senators from their offices to the Chamber.

Early any morning during the session, before the real rush of the day begins, rich tones in lusty *basso profundo* German reverberate in the narrow 300-yard tunnel of the world's smallest car-line through

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which Fred pilots clerks and page-boys on the day's first chores.

Sixty-three now, Fred has been singing in the tunnel for sixteen years. His shiny pate tops a well-lined old face that's always set to grin, even when a cigar-butt juts, as it generally does, out of the side of his mouth.

Elevator Veteran—Another bald brigadier who's in on everything that's going on is Ellis ("Old Man") Betz, operator of the press elevator on the House side of the Capitol. Rangy, six-foot Georgia farmer, he's theatrically toothless, one or two remnants, widely separated, hanging disconsolately in the front of his mouth.

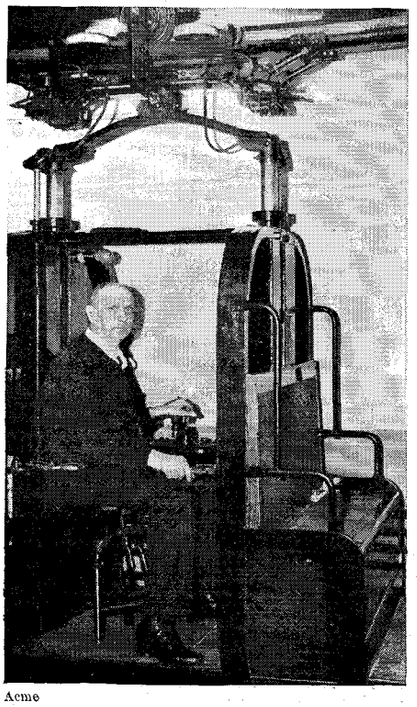
He, to quote him, "just doesn't give a damn," roundly and vehemently panning incumbents, Democratic or Republican. He goes home at every election, avowedly "to vote agin the Government," tho he probably won't vote "agin" the present one.

Oiler of Machinery—Less cantankerous is Col. Edwin Alexander Halsey, Secretary of the Senate, whom correspondents see for "behind the scenes" parliamentary legerdemain. This healthy-looking six-footer with gray hair keeps the Senate machinery geared smoothly while giving the erroneous impression that he knows nothing of the hundreds of big and little problems that are ironed out in his office.

"Ed" to all Members of the Upper House, "Colonel" to every one else, he has served the Senate since 1897, when he first strode its plush corridors as a page-boy.

Ranking Page-Boy — There are seventy merry-eyed page-boys to stride House and Senate corridors now. Philip James Bassford, dark, slim lad of eighteen, son of the secretary to the late Speaker Champ Clark, is ranking page-boy. Born in Washington, he is studying law there now. He grins shyly when telling how he'll see Missouri, his home-State, for the first time this summer.

In Missouri, some day, he hopes "to mess around in politics." Now, he is Editor of *Pages by the Pages,* three-issues-old weekly. At two cents a copy, it already has provided ten baseballs and two bats for the team of pages on which Philip shines at third-base. His hobby is fiddling with radios.



Acme

Fred Vogelsand pilots tired Senators on the shortest railway in the world

U. S. SULTANATE: Sulu Throne, Only One Under Stars and Stripes, Vacant

His Highness Padukka Mahasari Hadji Mohammad Jamalul Kiram II, Sultan of Sulu, Sultan of North Borneo, and Judge of Agama, only hereditary monarch under the Stars and Stripes, passed most of his life losing his faded khaki shirt at fan-tan or poker. Much of the rest he spent entertaining his thousand wives—particularly one he called Baby—in his two-room clapboard palace on the Island of Jolo, in the southernmost Philippines.

But he was saddened because none of his many wives presented him with an heir. His death last week at seventy-two precipitates a crisis in a royal realm of 2,000 palm-islands and coral-atolls inhabited by a half-million Moros (from the Spanish word for Moors).

His managing niece, Princess Dayang Nurijam, adopted as his daughter, wants the throne for her husband, Datto (Chief) Umbra, now acting Sultan. She ran the realm for years while her indolent uncle tossed coconut-toddy parties, hunted deer, or took his retinue on rent-collecting junkets around the islands.

But the Philippine Bureau of Non-Christion Tribes wants to end the dynasty which goes back to the Prophet of Islam with a 500-year genealogy.

Motor-Chariot—In latter years, the dusky old man, with flat nose and thick lips, would wear only a soiled red bathrobe and tennis-shoes as he rode around his Capital in a rickety Ford truck. But the Sultan was not always the easy-going roustabout, as young Capt. John J. Pershing discovered when he led his American troops against the jungle warriors back in 1902.

Broadway was tittering gleefully at George Ade's new comic opera, "The Sultan of Sulu." Meanwhile Captain Pershing's blue-shirted, slouch-hatted doughboys were sloshing through jungles singing:

> Damn, damn, damn, the Filipinos. . . .
> Underneath our starry flag, civilize 'em with a Krag. . . .

George Ade's *Sultan* saw "the Constitution, the cocktail, and the katzenjammer" following the flag. *Kiram* told his little favorite, *Pamela:*

> And oh, little friend, when I felt that delicious liquid trickle down the corridors of my inmost being, all the incandescent lights were turned on, and the birds began to sing. I felt myself bursting into full bloom, like a timid little flower kissed by the morning sunlight. So I ordered two more.

But these classic lines were chanted the morning after:

> The cocktail is a pleasant drink,
> It's nice and harmless, I don't think.
> Last night I hoisted twenty-three
> Of these concoctions into me.
> It is no time for mirth or laughter,
> The cold, gray dawn of the morning after.

It was not until 1906 that Gov. Leonard Wood pacified the jungle-denizens. The Sultan sulked in his defeat, but in 1912 he went to the United States, carrying with him for comfort $250,000 in pearls. He was President Taft's White House guest.

Wide World

The late Sultan of Sulu: George Ade made his name a household word

Contact with American soldiers garrisoned in his Province inculcated in the Sultan a passionate love of poker. Fortunately, he was wealthy, with $160,000 annually from his pearl-fisheries, a $4,000 yearly subsidy from Britain for suzerainty over his North Borneo subjects, and $1,500 a year from the Philippine Commission.

Little by little his huge revenues sloughed off. In 1931 the Governor General appointed him to the Senate. Moslem fundamentalists whispered that their spiritual leader was smoking cigarettes in Manila cabarets, and guzzling fire-water.

When a typhoon struck Jolo the next year, tearing apart the Sultan's pretentious wooden palace, that was too much for the devout, who believed the storm divine judgment against his reputed lack of religious fervor.

In 1934 he lost the appointive Senate job to his nephew-in-law; Manila feels Datto Umbra's strong position will make him the new Sultan. Until the throne is occupied, by Moro law, the old Sultan lies unburied.

GUSHING WEALTH: Huey Long Disciple Finds Philosophy on Sharing Changed

To lean-fed, barefoot Louisiana cane and cotton growers, the late Huey Long's Share-the-Wealth Club heralded the end of poverty, the coming of fried chicken and gravy-biscuit after years of sow-belly and greens.

For longer than the oldest inhabitant of Caddo Parish could remember, farmers had worked poor crops, mostly on shares, hard

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by the borders of Texas and Arkansas. Leaning heavily on their hoes, they had watched the daily train chug through their little village of Rodessa without stopping, without even whistling. Often they had dreamed of fine clothes and automobiles and money to spend, and when the Messiah of Baton Rouge told them he could make their dreams come true, they joined his Club.

Last week, Rodessa suddenly lost all interest in sharing the wealth. Mother Nature that had been so stingy with goobers and garden sass gushed overnight from every pore that wealth of which the village had been dreaming. Caddo Parish had struck oil.

As derricks mushroomed, new stores and hotels sprang up to catch the millions flooding the town, and hundreds of freight-cars clanked over miles of fresh-laid switch track, one man watched drillers sink their bits a mile and more into the sands—and thought back.

Persistence Wins—He was Daniel R. Perkins, oil geologist, who fought through twenty-six years of debt and discouragement to get some one with enough money to tap the reservoirs he stedfastly believed lay beneath the scrubby pine. A few years ago he had convinced R. W. Norton, a wildcat operator who had made and lost two fortunes, that there was black gold under the sand.

Norton had just enough money left to build a derrick and start drilling. At 5,506 feet they found, not oil, but natural gas, which meant enough ready cash so they could lease 45,000 acres and go after real oil.

To-day, Norton and Perkins are millionaires.

The discovery field flowed 30,000 barrels a day. Oil companies began to rush men to Rodessa. Farmers woke up to find themselves getting $2,000 a day and more in royalties.

Not long ago a train clattered up to the new station and A. B. Macdonald, roving correspondent for the Kansas City *Star*, jumped down. Writing for the North American Newspaper Alliance, he sent back the saga of Nature's own Share-the-Wealth plan.

"Here is T. F. Sexton, who owns 164 acres of land," wrote Macdonald. "He is eighty-one years old, has lived fifty-two years in this Caddo Parish and thirty-three years on this farm, growing cotton and a few peanuts and 'just scratching along.' I found him sitting in a rocking chair on the front porch of his home, a cane in one hand, gazing across the fields he had tilled for so many years toward the forest of tall pine-trees that fringed his land, where natural gas, burning at the rate of 100 million cubic feet a day, rolled up in billows of orange-colored flame.

Success-Story—"Sexton pointed at it with his cane and said:

"'I get $5,000 a month royalty from natural gas alone. A year ago I don't suppose I could have sold this farm at any price at all.'"

The history of another man, I. L. Young, is told. He came into the district forty years ago, worked in sawmills for $50 a month, saved his money and bought 200 acres in the woods.

"I found Young," Macdonald's account continues, "in the back end of his little store, in a rocking-chair, munching peanuts.

Detroit Times Photo

Magicians' get-together: "Have you seen this one?"

"'I paid two bits an acre for some of my land,' Young said. 'I tried to make a living farming on it for three years, but it was poor land, so I rented it out and went back into the sawmills.'

"They tell me you're rich," the reporter remarked.

Young nodded.

"What's your income?"

Young selected another peanut from the sack beside him.

"I got $8,000 in the first month; that was last July. Altogether, I've put $38,000 in the bank from the oil boom and I've got it there yet."

Before oil was found, Young was President of the local Share-the-Wealth Club.

"I suppose now you will share your wealth with the poor?" a newspaper man remarked. Young laughed.

"There's my old lady and our four grown children to share all the wealth we got."

MAGICIANS OUTDONE:

They Make Rabbits, but Not Hotel Bills, Vanish

Apprehensive citizens of Batavia, New York, held onto their watches last week, and examined the change from each purchase with special care. It was as much as a man's life was worth to light up an after-dinner cigar, what with delegates to the eleventh annual convention of the International Brotherhood of Magicians all over the place.

The visitors, many of whom had just picked up some new tricks at the ninth annual conference of the Society of American Magicians at Springfield, Massachusetts, had come intent upon fooling only their colleagues, but they were not above making the hotelkeeper's false teeth disappear, or deluging hat-check girls with dozens of writhing snakes.

Self-conscious preachers, school-teachers, doctors, and yokels rubbed elbows with smooth and jaded professionals of the stage, all of them present "to promote harmony among those interested in magic, and to advance the ethics of the profession." While advancing the ethics, delegates ran precautionary hands between their sheets to make sure that equally high-minded fellows had not purposely mislaid jumping bull-frogs or other props of the trade.

Making sure that the chairs beneath them were not collapsible, the more serious-minded settled down to electing officers, hearing a few lectures, and looking over the dealers' latest crop of "fakes" and "gimmicks"—the trade terms for apparatus used in performing "miracles."

Amateur Night generally is the highlight of the convention, for then the novices of the business have their chance to dazzle the skeptical eyes of vaudeville veterans—and many of them do, producing diamond rings from the air and beauteous maidens from vest pockets, or adding new wrinkles to old card tricks and shell games.

Professional audiences are not like any other. Naturally, they are "tougher" to play to, for they are far from goggle-eyed, and the breathless wonder of the average theater crowd is missing.

New Stars—Once in a great while, a rank amateur of whom no one has heard comes out of the great open spaces to perform some feat that genuinely mystifies the professionals.

The late Dr. Samuel Hooker, tho by no means unknown to the trade, once developed a talking Teddy bear and a rising card trick that old-timers simply could not fathom.

After the formal show is over, magicians usually repair to their hotel rooms and amuse themselves by spiriting kitchen-knives into each others' pockets, distributing eggs where they are most likely to be sat on, or persuading the unwary to fall for hackneyed practical jokes.

Most fun is at meal-time, for then it is possible to make the salt and butter vanish just when some one wants them, empty sugar-bowls, stick plates to the table, or cause blackbirds to flutter chattering from the pie. Before delegates leave for home, everything is forgiven, pocket-books and jewelry are returned to their rightful owners, and the solemn pledge is taken never to reveal any trade secrets disclosed.

One trick the most adroit of magicians have never yet got away with: No one has ever been able to make the hotel bill vanish and stay vanished. Usually merchants are more successful at making the tricksters' money disappear.

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Topics in Brief

SCIENTISTS are going to try to discover the source of headaches without becoming personal.—*Toledo Blade.*

IF HE removes his hat in an elevator, it means that he has (1) good manners, and (2) hair.—*Dayton Journal.*

THE biggest objection to a third political party is that it would make two too many.—*Providence News-Tribune.*

ANOTHER case of carrying coal to Newcastle is going to Indianapolis to see fast driving.—*Ohio State Journal.*

KANSAS reports a loss of 1.8 per cent. population during the past five years. Balancing the budget did not hold them.—*Tulsa (Okla.) World.*

DOCTOR WIGGAM advocates home-owning for young married couples. Next to the baby, there's nothing like a mortgage to cement family ties.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

A HOLLYWOOD company has offered Haile Selassie a job. Hasn't the poor man had enough trouble without being vamped by Jean Harlow?—*Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

YOUNG convicted murderer took gas recently in Arizona's State prison. But his last request was denied him. He wanted a gas mask.—*Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.*

SEVERAL absorbing articles lately in the press describe the line of subterranean forts France has built on the frontier. It is always fascinating to know what is being done with our money.—*Detroit News.*

THE new Zeppelin has possibilities. By improving its crossing time it may eventually become an overnight bag.—*Savannah Morning News.*

ROME raises a cry that the British supplied Ethiopia with dumdum bullets. The dumdum is one that is hollow and flattens out like a treaty.—*Barron's.*

ANOTHER trouble in this country is that nearly every one is trying to find his place in the sun in some place other than between plow-handles.—*Washington Post.*

THE Italians have executed Balahu, the umbrella-bearer to Selassie, but Ballyhoo, the sword-bearer to Mussolini, is still well and happy.—*H. I. Phillips in the New York Sun.*

WHAT, somebody has asked the questions editor, is the meaning of the expression, "the quick and the dead"? Well, we couldn't say exactly, but it sounds like a description of the two major classes of pedestrians to us.—*Boston Herald.*

SINCE Nebraska attorneys also filed an abstract with the eighty pounds of typewritten testimony they placed before their Supreme Court, we don't imagine the Justices waded through much of the concrete.—*Arkansas Gazette (Little Rock).*

AND if Governor Landon should be elected President of these sometimes United States Editor William Allen White ought to stand on the dome of the State-House at Wichita on inauguration day and eat his famous speech, "What's the matter with Kansas?" without salt or pepper.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE greatest curse of America, says a minister, is Hollywood and the country's crime wave. Ah! the Stars and Stripes!—*Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.*

MRS. FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT says it is so much easier to be enthusiastic than to reason. And that's just what the G.O.P. says is the trouble with her family.—*Dallas News.*

PASSENGERS arriving at New York from Antwerp asked the customs officer if it was safe on the streets of New York without a body-guard. Well, is it?—*Indianapolis News.*

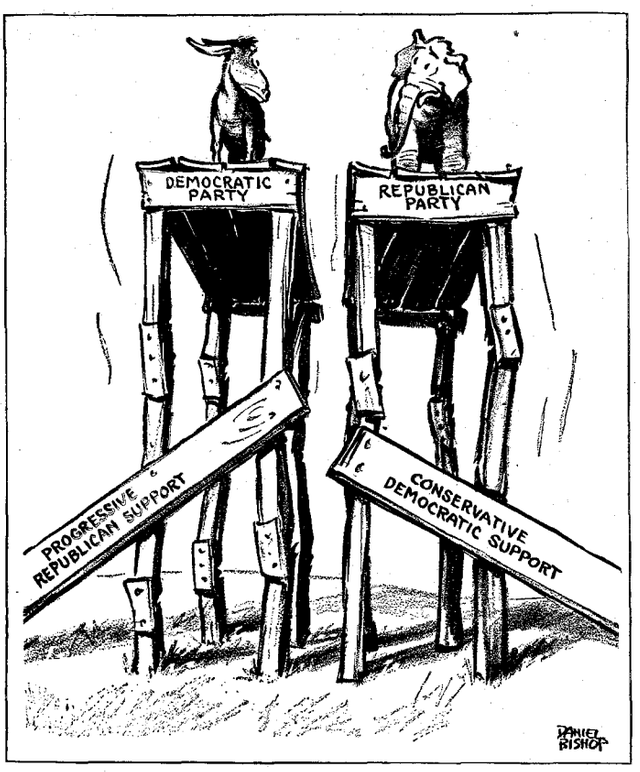
THUMB-NAIL prediction about the Democratic Platform: It will be just like William Jennings Bryan's, only instead of "Free Silver," it will be "Free Everything."—*Boston Transcript.*

ANTHONY EDEN has turned his talents toward the settlement of the German problem. It is believed that he can handle Hitler as easily as he did Mussolini.—*Howard Brubaker in the New Yorker.*

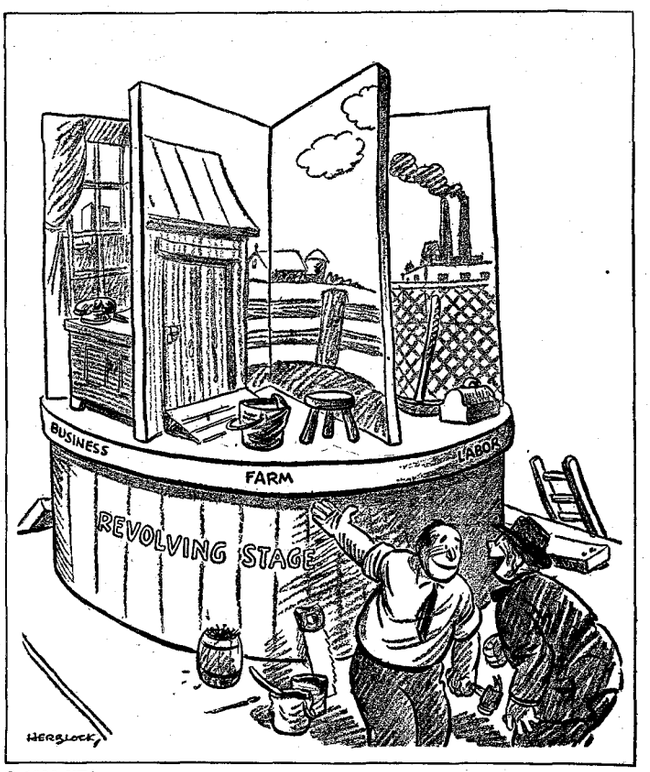
THE North Carolina Legislature has passed a law forbidding the sale of gasoline to intoxicated persons. Gosh, have they been reduced to drinking that stuff in the Old North State?—*Jackson (Miss.) Daily News.*

HAVING thrown away a mere $12,000,000 on the 'Quoddy and Florida canal schemes that were to cost $230,000,000, it is high time the New Dealers claimed a saving to the taxpayers of $218,000,000.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

M. LEON BLUM is half-way correct, anyway, when he says the French debt to the United States was a misunderstanding between two countries. The United States understood she was going to get the money back.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*



BOTH: "THINK THIS WILL HOLD US UP?"
—Bishop in the St. Louis Star-Times



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RIVAL CHINESE ARMIES ON THE MARCH

Threat of Civil War and of Intervention by the Japanese

Troop trains bulging with chanting khaki-clad soldiers rumbled day and night last week over South China's new Canton-Hankow railway, not yet opened to civilian traffic. The destination was Changsha, midway on the line, the capital of rich Hunan Province and pivot point of internal military struggles for centuries.

Northward they carried the anti-Japanese Revolutionary Salvation Army, organized by the independent Cantonese Government for the announced purpose of driving the Japanese from North China.

Southward they bore the hurrying forces of Marshal Chiang Kai-shek, dictator of the Central (Nationalist) Government at Nanking, who believed the southerners' real motive was to provoke a civil war and oust him from power.

Charges—"Both sides are bluffing," said Maj.-Gen. Seiichi Kita, Japanese military attaché in Nanking.

Gen. Chen Chi-tang, head of the Cantonese Government, declared: "Nanking says the Canton anti-Japanese movement is merely a front for the political aim of taking over the Government. This may easily be branded as false. Ever since the Shanghai hostilities [1932] we of the southwest have urged and we have prayed that Chiang Kai-shek adopt a strong foreign policy, in vain."

Said Marshal Chiang: "I am sure the leaders of Kwantung and Kwangsi Provinces [which make up the Cantonese Government] will not seize upon the diplomatic policy of the Central Government as an excuse to start a civil war."

Japanese View-Point—The Japanese Embassy branch at Shanghai announced: "We do not care what the Chinese factions do among themselves, but we do object strenuously to having the Kwantung and Kwangsi Province factions pretend that their march northward is inspired by a desire to fight the Japanese Army forces in North China and Manchuria."

Rejecting Nanking's appeal to halt the march, General Chen, joined by Gen. Li Chung-jen and Gen. Pai Chung-hsi, Kwangsi leaders and Chiang's bitter foes, mustered 200,000 men and 150 planes and began the trek toward the north.

Inspired by these leaders, hundreds of Cantonese demonstrated against Japan. In Peiping students paraded in protest against the foreign invader. In the semi-autonomous northern provinces, Tokyo-dominated officials have dropped customs bars and winked at smugglers. The revenue drop has cost Chiang's Government upward of $400,000 a day.

Japan sent protests to both Nanking and Canton and rushed seven war-ships to Amoy, 270 miles north of Canton, landing marines. To protect American interests a United States cruiser scudded south from Shanghai.

On the same trains carrying his troops southward Marshal Chiang sent emissaries to confer with the Cantonese leaders and called a special meeting of the Kuomintang (Nationalist) Party for July 10 to discuss the crisis.

In some Chinese quarters feeling was expressed that regardless of the motives of the Cantonese, a clash of north and south might precipitate a war with Japan.

Press Opinion—*Izvestia,* official organ of the Soviet Government, saw "provocative maneuvers, designed to distract attention from Japanese plans for new aggression in North China, and to strain still further the relations between North and South China.

"Japan is seeking to muffle the approach of actual warfare by its talk about an alleged war between Central and South China.

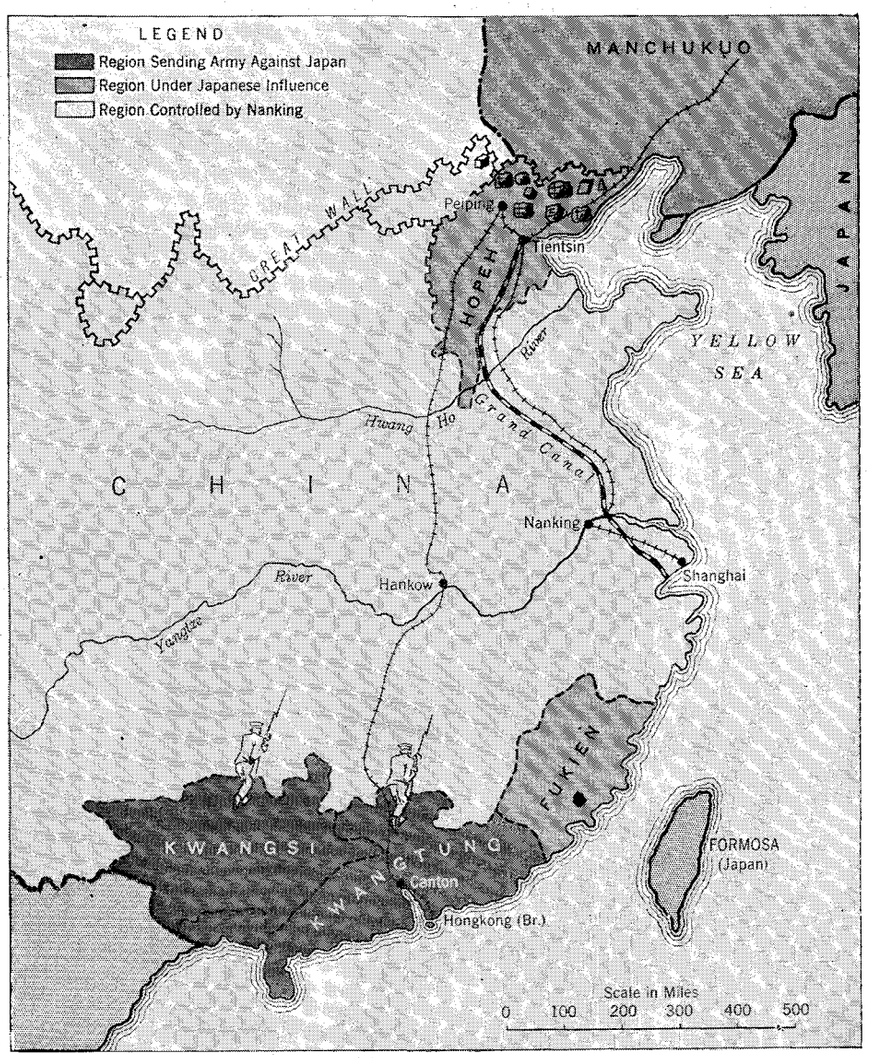
"Undoubtedly the Japanese imperialists counted on increasing the already existing distrust between Nanking and South China, and even on the possibility of provoking actual warfare."

The China Times, Shanghai English daily paper, urged the Southwesterners to "hold the reins on the brink of a precipice, by resorting to broad-mindedness and by cool-headed reasoning save the country from an internal crisis."

The *Ta Kung Pao,* Chinese daily published in Tientsin, appealed to the Cantonese not to precipitate a civil war, and deplored the military meddling in politics that is causing the present movement of troops.

From Tokyo, the English-language daily Osaka *Mainichi Shimbun* commented: "Japan need fear no organized front against her, despite the anti-Japanese sentiment expressed both in Nanking and Canton.

"The worst to be feared is the possibility that local mobs will be stirred against Japan, and get beyond control. Then there would be no alternative but intervention."



LITERARY DIGEST Map

Armies from China's Southern Provinces are reportedly on the march to force the Nanking Government to take up arms against Japanese invaders

AUSTRALIA ARMS: Vast Army, Navy and Air Defense Program Is Rushed

"The Government is not going to live in a fool's paradise. We are going to put our defenses in order. We must . . . be in a position to fight if we have to." Thus Prime Minister Joseph Aloysius Lyons of Australia gave the first warning early last spring that the $100,000,000 three-year defense program begun for Australia in 1934 would get "a shot in the arm."

Last week Minister of Defense Robert Archdale Parkhill gave definite proof that Australia meant business as he rushed the defense program ahead to reach completion by 1937.

There was a bustle of activity in all branches of the armed forces. Munitions

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Acme

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Robert Archdale Parkhill, Australian Defense Minister, turns his eyes toward the hundred-million-dollar program to modernize and increase Australian defenses

and plane factories oiled their machines, set the wheels spinning.

From Great Britain were to come thirty-three Avro Anson planes, costing $5,000,000. At Richmond, near Melbourne, there was to be a new $750,000 Air Force station, largest in Australia.

Extensive Program—Plans got under way for a complete coastal defense program, beginning at Brisbane, Queensland, on the East coast, around to Fremantle, in Western Australia, and down to Hobart, on Tasmania, the island south of Australia—a distance of 4,000 miles.

Sydney, chief naval base of Australia, ordered huge new guns. The first, already arrived, weighs 100 tons with her mountings, the largest regular military gun in the world.

The program for the Navy called for increasing the fleet by two sloops, so that it would comprise four cruisers, one surveying ship, one flotilla leader and eight destroyers, two sloops, and one seaplane carrier.

A peace-time Army will stand with a strength of 35,000. First units to be improved will be those assigned to repel raids and landing parties.

Under consideration was a plan for a complete aircraft manufacturing industry in Australia, to be launched without recourse to subsidies or bounties.

In England, A. S. Ford, manager of the Lithgow Small Arms Factory near Sydney, was investigating the new Bren automatic gun, adopted by the British Army. The Bren is lighter than the Lewis, which is used now, weighs twenty-one pounds, fires 600 shots a minute, and can be mounted on a tripod and used as a machine-gun.

Press Comment—Far away, in the sister Dominion of Canada, the Windsor (Ont.) *Daily Star* attempted to explain the Australian defense program more clearly.

"The Australians have a very real fear of Japanese aggression," said *The Star*. "Australia also appreciates that she is in an isolated position and must take some hand in preparing her own scheme of defense."

While editors quibbled, Australia went ahead with her plan. The defense fund voted for this fiscal year is $36,760,000. From Defense Minister Parkhill came the statement that a second and even more ambitious three-year plan was likely at the conclusion of the present one in 1937.

RUSSIAN DEMOCRACY: Stalin Proposes New Constitution, Increasing Peasants' Power

Joseph V. Stalin officially is General Secretary of the Communist Party of Soviet Russia; actually he is known to the world as his nation's dictator.

Last week, with a large-hearted gesture, he invited the Russian people to express their views on a new Constitution, and suggest new ideas for turning a Soviet Union into a democracy.

Stalin bases his principles largely on those of the American Constitution and the British Magna Carta.

He proposes, for example, a lower and an upper house to be known as the House of Deputies and the House of Nationalities, respectively.

Corresponding to the House of Representatives, the lower body is to be elected by secret universal suffrage, and not by a show of hands, as at present. Unlike the American Senate, however, the upper body is to be chosen directly by the Councils of Russia's Provinces.

Electoral Change—Differently chosen also will be Russia's President, who will be elected by both houses in joint session. At present the U.S.S.R. has seven Presidents, heading the seven Republics, who take turns in serving as Federal President. The incumbent to-day is M. V. Molotov.

While the lower house, as proposed, will have greater authority, legislation may originate in either body. In this respect there is a marked similarity with the British Parliament.

Under the existing Russian Constitution, which was passed in 1923, also largely under Stalin's guidance, a city worker's vote was worth five peasant votes. Shrewdly Stalin by this means propped his strength on city workers, knowing that prosperous peasants (kulaks) balked at the theory that the State owned their lands.

To appease peasants, the new laws propose to give them equal voting rights and declare that their lands belong to them "eternally." It also allows private farming and the private sale of farm products, provided such privileges do not involve any profit or "exploitation" of the working classes.

"The Soviet government found it harder and harder to neglect legal demands which everywhere presented themselves in complicated form," retorts *Novoye Russkoye*, a White Russian New York daily. "This was the main reason why it was necessary to bring forward a new code of laws which are now being announced as the new Constitution."

Writing in the Communist party's newspaper *Pravda* of Moscow, Carl Radek jubilantly says that "nowhere under capitalism could workers' rights be realized so completely."

LUCK CHILLS: Snow and Cold Drive Back Everest Climbers as They Near Unconquered Peak

Against an almost horizontal sheet of snow-covered ice, two men struggled last week up unconquered Everest. Suddenly a ripping sound cut across their helmeted ears. The broad snow-field split, and Eric Shipton, twenty-eight-year-old Kenya coffee-planter, slid with it to the edge of a 500-foot glass-blue drop.

Wyn Harris, chunky British colonial,

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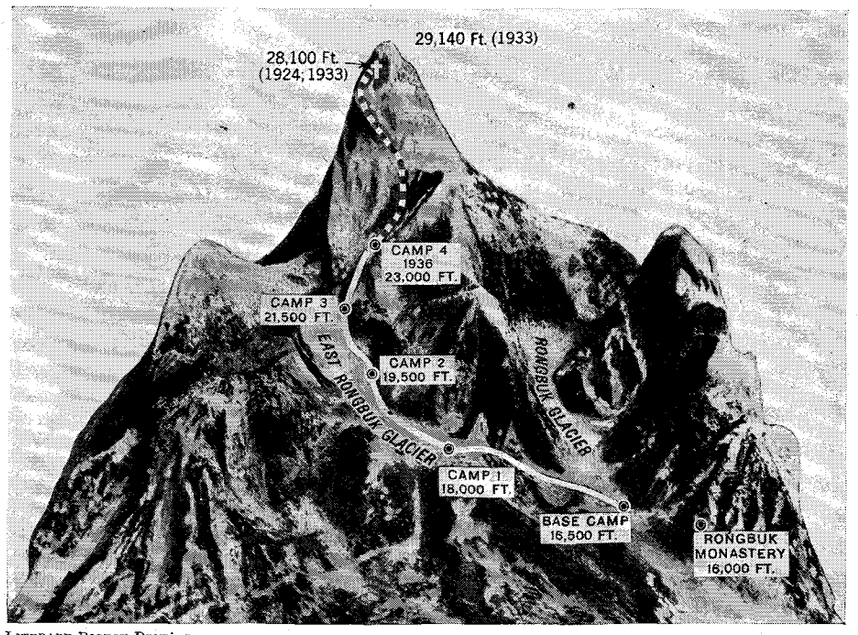

LITERARY DIGEST Drawing

With the failure of the sixth expedition to make the ascent, Mt. Everest remains unconquered

took a terrifying leap back across the widening crevasse. Quickly he ground his long-handled ice-ax into solid snow and roped Shipton back from death.

The narrow escape spelt failure for the sixth expedition to attempt the 29,140-foot Himalayan peak—the world's highest—since 1920, when the late Dalai Lama of Tibet first gave intrepid foreigners a passport "To the west of the Five Great Treasuries of Snow, in the jurisdiction of White Glass Fort, near Rocky Valley Inner Monastery—the Bird Country of the South."

Romantic Lure—Alpinists admit that romance, not science, lures them on the dangerous adventure. Yet, to finance the expedition, the Royal Geographical Society, the British Alpine Club, and sporting Englishmen contributed more than $50,000. Hugh Ruttledge, ex-magistrate of the Anglo-Indian Civil Service, and a veteran mountain-climber, covered part of the cost by writing for newspaper syndicates.

For any given year experts put the odds on success at fifty to one. This spring the men were lucky. Led by the white-haired Ruttledge, whose fifty-one years prevent his making the last terrible 1,000 feet, twelve ardent British climbers and a hundred native porters reached Tibet late in April. Yaks and tough donkeys bore their supplies, and food ranging from Army hard-tack to canned chicken-breasts, asparagus-tips, and 3,900 London eggs.

At 16,000 feet the party passed Rongbuk Monastery. In this desolate spot, 229 feet higher than Mont Blanc, live yellow-robed lamas who believe that the dread gods of the mountain will always doom those who would scale it. By May 14, however, the alpinists had established Camp IV, at 23,000 feet.

Cold Luck—Then their luck changed. Snowstorms and cold drove them back to the comparative comfort of a twenty-below-zero temperature. The warm monsoon, usually two weeks on the way, raced from the Bay of Bengal in four days and started avalanches which foredoomed the expedition at Camp III, up 21,500 feet.

Three years ago Ruttledge's men stopped at 28,100. There they found a pick-headed ice-ax, sole relic of George Leigh-Mallory, young English tutor, and A. C. Ervine, Oxford oarsman, who lost their lives on Everest in 1924. Whether they died before or after reaching the top, no one knows.

The mountain gods are kinder to aviators than alpinists. In 1933, the Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale, M. P., piloted his Houston-Westland biplane above the unscaled peak.

ROMAN NEPOTISM: Perhaps Mussolini's Son-in-Law Is Being Measured for Dictator's Toga

Napoleon's downfall, Benito Mussolini once told an interviewer, began when he started to fill thrones and offices with relatives. Last week *Il Duce* turned over to his favorite son-in-law, Count Galeazzo Ciano, the Foreign Affairs Ministry—most important of the seven Cabinet posts the dictator long had held for himself.

Thus the thirty-four-year-old nobleman, five years the junior of Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden of Britain, became the youngest Foreign Minister in Europe. Before his marriage in 1930 to Edda, Mussolini's favorite child, Ciano had been buried in the Italian Embassy in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

Il Duce named him Consul-General at Shanghai, then recalled him to Rome to head the Ministry of Press and Propaganda, where his fluent English, French, and Spanish proved valuable. When the war came, he led the famed Desperate Squadron over Ethiopia, and had the honor of dropping the first bombs on Adowa.

Others Raised—But *Il Duce's* favors were not for the family alone. He also advanced to full Ministerial rank the Under-Secretaries of the Colonial, Propaganda, and Corporations Offices, retaining for himself only the War, Navy, Air, and Interior portfolios. Marshal Rodolfo Graziani became Viceroy of Ethiopia, supplanting Pietro Badoglio, who remained in Italy as Chief of Staff. Long an anti-Fascist—correspondents reported he never once gave the Roman salute during the Ethiopian campaign—Badoglio finally took out Party membership.

Tense Europeans interpreted the changes according to their fears. Italians, dimly apprehensive of war, rejoiced that their greatest soldier would stay on the mainland. They dutifully applauded Ciano's appointment.

"He constitutes a revelation to younger Fascist generations," *Giornale d'Italia* gloated. "As Foreign Minister, he is backed by brilliant war and diplomatic experience and will follow in the footsteps of Mussolini."

The Manchester Guardian went further, holding the young man was being measured for the dictator's toga.

In Germany, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* read the move as a favor to London: "Ciano may be considered an advocate of understanding with Britain."

France was sure he would do her no good. "He has never been noted for his Francophil sentiments," mourned *L'Œuvre*, "—on the contrary."

For the *Paris Midi* the appointment revived an ever-present nightmare: German-Italian collaboration. Events seemed to confirm its theory. Italy's summer war-maneuvers, scheduled for the north, suddenly were switched to the region of Naples.

Peace-Dove—In Austria, Chancellor Kurt Schuschnigg, home from a mysterious visit to *Il Duce*, brandished an olive-branch in the direction of the Bavarian Alps. "Austria is German in language and culture," he proclaimed in a speech at the Vienna City Hall, "and she has no reason to build a wall to separate her from Germany. But she must insist that her freedom and independence be respected."

Then the German Economics Minister, Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, flying around the Balkans on a trip ostensibly to improve trade relations, stopped off for an unscheduled visit to Vienna. International gossips immediately hinted at a Germano-Austro-Italian alliance.

"It's news to us!" a Berlin Foreign Office spokesman remarked. His disclaimer failed

Globe

Count Ciano: He followed in his father-in-law's footsteps, as Italian Foreign Minister

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to soothe Frenchmen and Britons jealous of *Il Duce's* flirtation with Herr Hitler. Diplomatic marriage, they feared, might follow a League refusal to end sanctions.

Neville Chamberlain, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, hurriedly damned as "the very midsummer of madness" an idealistic proposal that stronger sanctions might still save Ethiopia. "It is time to limit the functions of the League so that they may accord with its real powers," he snorted. His countrymen believed that he spoke for the whole Cabinet.

FRENCH WHIRLPOOL:

Blum and Chamber Seek to Satisfy Strikers in Industrial Paralysis

"Do you want me to use the police and then the Army and risk provoking a repetition of the days of June?" Leon Blum, France's new Socialist Premier, angrily demanded of the Chamber of Deputies last week.

He knew very well what would happen if his black-helmeted mobile guards and baton-swinging *gendarmes* should attack "folded arms" and "sit-down" strikers who for more than two weeks have paralyzed French industry.

He paused to let his words sink in, while Deputies thought of days in June, 1848, when workers of the east of Paris battled with those of the west until the Socialist Party was crushed and the Second Empire of Louis Napoleon was established.

"So long as I lead the Government we shall never do that!" he said, banging his fist on the ministerial desk.

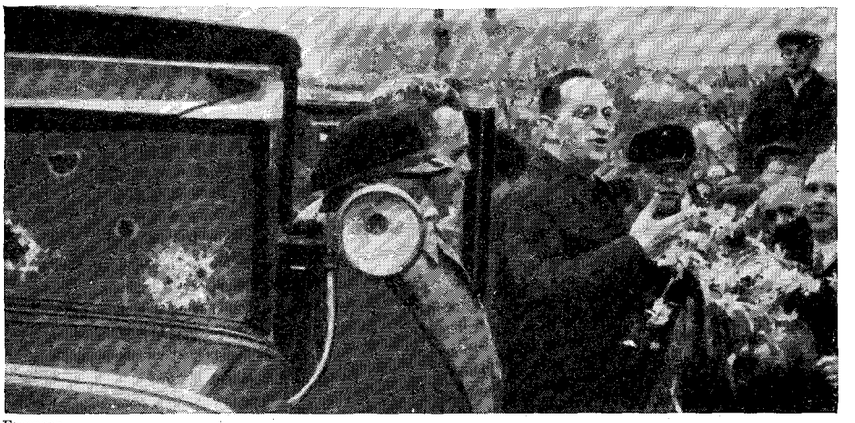
He knew that strikers, most of whom had won their demands on their employers, wanted above everything that the Government demonstrate its sincerity by passing the social legislation Blum had outlined.

Strikers Mollified—Forty hours later, after an exciting seven-hour session, the Chamber passed his forty-hour week. At once most of the 1,000,000 French workers left the factories and shops and promised to return to work this week, confident that Blum would induce legislators to pass bills guaranteeing them the right to collective bargaining and two-week annual vacations and to exempt veterans from taxes.

His first battle won, Blum assured the French people that street disorders would cease and the increase in the scale of living due to the shorter working hours would be offset by greater consumer demand.

Next day thousands of jubilant workers swarmed the streets of Paris with flying flags, hailing the end of mammoth strikes in the Citroen and Renault automobile factories. As happy to celebrate were thousands of American tourists who had been forced to cook their own breakfasts on improvised stoves and utensils borrowed from hotel pantries, when waiters and chefs went on strike.

Infuriated Rightests attacked Blum's forty-hour week as endangering dwindling foreign exports and tourist trade, which suffered heavily as a result of France's maintenance of the gold standard. Partly to allay their fears, Blum announced that he would introduce a bill creating a wheat board to bolster farm prices. The French press was sharply divided, the conservative section finding that Blum's policies might lead to an economic disaster.



European

Konrad Henlein, Nazi leader in Czechoslovakia, caught between two fires—the moderates and extremists in his Party

Approving Blum's stand, the Socialist organ *Le Populaire* declared that "the strikes proved that the workers are well-disciplined in victory as in battle. All elements of the Popular Front have done their duty."

The Communist paper *Humanite* remarks: "Trouble-makers who expected to exploit the strikes—so calm, dignified and well-disciplined—failed. The French people have been reinforced in this bread victory."

"The strikes have shown that Blum is incapable and that the Jewish boat is headed for the rocks," bitterly remarks *Action Française,* Royalist daily.

The Conservative *Le Matin,* however, warned of revolutionary elements.

The Right Wing *Le Temps* saw "that the Government's objurgations found no echo among the working masses. The movement followed leaders whom it is difficult to identify."

CZECHS ON GUARD: Border Troops Reenforced in Fear of Nazi Plotting

Squads of steel-helmeted gendarmes and border patrols, dressed in trim khaki uniforms, last week drove their armored cars along the highroads leading up to the boundaries that separate their Czechoslovak territory from Germany.

Stationed at short intervals, border guards received reenforcements with whispered orders. Hurriedly, soldiers deposited heavy supplies of ammunition, machine-guns and bombs, while electricians laid down telephone lines to link the outposts with military centers throughout Czechoslovakia.

Fearing a sudden German attack, the Prague Government secretly moved army units, while Parliament drew up plans for a national loan to increase defenses over the country's 1,200-mile borders.

Immediate cause of Czechoslovak fear is the simmering discontent among the 3,500,000 Germans of Bohemia, 70 per cent. of whom support the *Sudetendeutsche Partei* (Sudeten German Party), a strongly Nazi organization. For almost 700 years Bohemia's Polish overlords, and later the Hapsburg rulers, encouraged the Germans to colonize that district in order to offset the power of the Bohemian nobles.

Czechs charge Sudetens ceaselessly plot with German Nazis to smooth the way for Hitler's annexation of their territory and to hasten German *anschluss* (union) with Austria, on the south, and the German minority in Poland, on the north.

Resentful, Konrad Henlein, Sudeten leader, denies the charge. Professing loyalty to Czechoslovakia, he says his people oppose any change in their present status. The former athletic instructor is outspoken in demanding equal rights for the Sudeten minority, hard-hit by the depression, which crippled their highly-industrial communities.

Jealously preserving their "disciplined democracy," Czechs tolerate Sudeten grumblings, while guardedly excluding them from proportionate employment in State and Army positions. Deeming Sudeten organizations and methods indistinguishable from those of German Nazis, they point out that the Sudeten Party changed to its present name when the Supreme Court dissolved the former "German National Socialist Party of Czechoslovakia" on a charge of plotting for secession to the Reich.

To make matters worse, the War Minister recently decreed that only Czechs would be granted munitions contracts.

Appeal to Geneva—Infuriated, Henlein carried his complaint to the League of Nations, dubbing the action discriminatory against the German minority.

To appease him, President Eduard Benes quickly promised to apportion sizable jobs to Sudeten citizens when Parliament passes the $250,000,000 appropriation for the manufacture of armaments and fortifications.

Henlein agreed and ordered his Party's Deputies to vote for the defense measures. But extremist Sudeten leaders loudly accused him of playing into the hands of their Czech "overlords." Alarmed, Henlein decided to "purge the Party" by expelling rebellious leaders.

Ousted rebels carried their grievance to Nazi Germany, where three Sudeten citizens are Reichstag members, despite unheeded Czech protests that their action violated a treaty understanding with the Reich. German Nazis, however, unwilling to create a rift among their Czechoslovak sympathizers, ignored the protest and advised forbearance.

Paris Obeyed—Since the Treaty of Versailles created Czechoslovakia out of the defunct Austro-Hungarian Empire, the infant nation, like her strong ally, France, found

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Germany a thorn in her side. To safeguard her territory she heeded French advice and formed the Little Entente with Rumania and Yugoslavia, which are likewise dead set against a change in their boundaries.

To strengthen her Little Entente line-up, she again followed French initiative in signing a mutual assistance treaty with Soviet Russia last year. When angered Germany rearmed the Rhineland, Czechs took alarm and met with their Balkan allies to be reassured. Last week Little Entente members again hurried to Bucharest to reaffirm their policy of opposing the rumored return of the Hapsburgs to Austria.

Next to Germany, Czechoslovaks fear Poland, which leans on German friendship. Poles lay claim to Teschen and other mining centers in the north of the country.

To checkmate Polish threats, Benes's policy envisages a quick Russian flanking movement across the Dniester Bridge and over the fifty-five-mile strip of Rumanian land which separates his country from the Soviets.

Commenting on Henlein's "purge," *Rundschau*, his Party's weekly organ, finds that he has taken this measure to halt the formation of "separatist groups."

EXIT WAR-HORSE: Family Scandal Leads to Fall of Taschereau in Quebec

Through a thirty-nine-year control of the Legislature, Canadian Liberals made the Quebec Provincial Government the oldest in the world. For the last sixteen years they had ruled through the cleverest politician the Dominion ever produced, Premier Louis Alexander Taschereau.

"*Le bon Taschereau, le grand seigneur,*" admirers called the frail bronze-skinned descendant of French aristocrats who had landed in Canada in 1727. Five nights a week he passed at his desk, leaving it only to dash to fires, for which at seventy he retains a youngster's enthusiasm. He knows all the old voters in his district, and in his long rule he had never left Quebec for more than a week at a time lest trouble develop among his cohorts. Taschereau, they boast, never forgets a friend.

But enemies call him the "Gray Fox." In last winter's bitter election compaign, they showed that Taschereau served as director of three banks, a trust company, and four insurance businesses. They accused him of selling out the Province to utility interests. Angry young Liberals skipped out to form the *Action Liberale Nationale*—a split which reduced the party's majority to five votes, the lowest this century.

Nepotism Alleged—Critics charged that Taschereau, ninth of eleven children and scion of a more prolific French Canadian who fathered thirty-six, kept sixty relatives and close friends on State pay-rolls.

Last week one of them got him into trouble. A Legislative Committee learned that Antoine Taschereau, the Premier's gray-haired brother, had pocketed the interest on government money entrusted to him as accountant for the Legislative Assembly. The funds reposed in the Banque Canadienne Nationale of Quebec, where Antoine's son John Thomas had been made branch manager, so that "the bank could derive much more benefit from his family associations."

When bank inspectors questioned the interest set-up, the son protested his father would transfer the money back to the Bank of Montreal "if they continue to annoy our client."

The Premier called for his brother's resignation. The gesture, however, failed to pacify Canadians outraged by the family scandal. Two days later Louis Taschereau turned in his own portfolio and called for dissolution of the Assembly.

His Minister of Agriculture, Adelard Godbout, took over the post pending elections August 15.

Editorial Canada rejoiced at Taschereau's downfall. "The corruption which has prevailed during his régime has long been the subject of gossip," the Toronto *Mail and Empire* declared. "It is apparently difficult for any party to remain in office for thirty or forty years without becoming pretty rotten."

ARAB VS. JEW: Both Factions Assail British Palestine Commissioner as Riots Bring More Troops

While Arab National Guardsmen sniped at *Tommy Atkins* from World War Turkish trenches, bombed buildings, and clubbed hapless Jews fleeing from their wrath in Palestine, London took note that the death toll had reached several score, and last week went into action.

From British garrisons in Egypt, four battalions were rushed to Haifa, Palestine's largest seaport, to reenforce troops already stationed in Palestine. To guard the all-Jewish city of Tel Aviv, adjoining Haifa, H.M.S. *Ajax* steamed into port to join four other British cruisers on duty.

Moving with grim determination, London ordered the Gordon Highlanders from Gibraltar to swell the 8,000 troops there, while her Colonial Secretary, William George Arthur Ormsby-Gore, assured the House of Commons that he was considering "further emergency powers" to check the spreading revolt.

Acme

William George Arthur Ormsby-Gore, British Colonial Secretary, "considered further emergency powers" to quell Palestine riots

Grim Commissioner—In Palestine, Britain's High Commissioner, Sir Arthur Grenfell Wauchope, was equally determined when Arab leaders refused to discuss peace with Emir Abdullah, ruler of Transjordania.

Failing to reconcile Arab-Jewish claims, he called the military reservists of the frontiers to arms, extended curfew law.

Roused at the bloodshed, he sent Arab leaders and Mayors, who refused to call off the general strike, to concentration camps at Sarafend, near Jaffa, and at Auja el Hafir, in southernmost Palestine. To prevent smuggling of ammunition and guns from adjacent Arab countries, he armed river-boats to patrol the Jordan and cut off all telephone communications.

Before resorting to extreme measure, the High Commissioner talked matters over with the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, Haj Amin El Husseini, who also is head of the Arab High Council. Proudly, the Mufti said Arabs would continue fighting until all Jews who came to Palestine since the War had been expelled.

Insisting that Moslems throughout the world have offered to raise $2,500,000 to buy up Jewish lands, he reminded the British statesman that the National Guard was bitterly opposed to compromise.

Drastic Action—Jews likewise called Sir Arthur weak, demanding strong action to protect them from Arab sniping and bombing. Roused, the High Commissioner instituted press censorship.

Meanwhile, the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations, to which the British Government is directly responsible for Palestine, examined Sir Arthur's annual report, found it "evasive," and adjourned till next fall, requesting Britain for further information. Britons thought its action strange, pointing out that the Commission is headed by an Italian Chairman, Marchese Alberto Theodoli.

"The insistence of England in applying the Balfour Declaration," says *Al-Hoda*, an Arabic-language New York daily, "is coalescing Arab opinion throughout the world for home rights."

"But these disturbances will come to an end," retorts the *New Palestine*, New York Zionist weekly.

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Galeazzo Ciano—Mussolini's son-in-law (p. 14)—in full, *gah-leh-aht'-so chah'no.*

Henlein—Czechoslovak Nazi leader (p. 15)—as in German; or, *hen'-line.*

Smythe—mountaineer (p. 14)—rimes with *scythe, blithe, tithe.*

Taschereau—Premier of Quebec (p. 16)—in two syllables: *tash'ro.*

(We slipped on our bull-fighters two weeks ago, if you care to know it: *Armillita* is *ar-mil-yee'ta*, and the *d* in *Bienvenida* and *Lalanda* is like *th* in *this*. We dropped an important *e* also: *de Revel* is *day reh-vale'*.)

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LENGTHENING OF WEATHER FORECASTS

Millions of Dollars in Balance Daily on Whims of Nature

"To-morrow: Cloudy, scattered showers."

A million American youngsters, reading that dolorous news any Friday evening, lift their small voices in one protesting chorus of "Aw, gees!" Those four brief words to them mean no picnic, no trip to the Zoo, no baseball game with the Elm Street Tigers.

Adult golfers, nudists, and outdoor prize-fight promoters use stronger language; but to millions of farmers, aviators, fishermen, shippers, and other business men, the daily reports of the United States Weather Bureau may mean the saving or losing of crops, planes, ships or sales.

For as disappointed small boys press disconsolate noses against rain-drenched window-panes, out on the choppy seas bronzed tuna-fleet veterans anxiously scan lowering skies. Down from the iceberg-fringed Newfoundland Banks a storm sweeps like an ancient pirate craft. Only a radioed warning from the Weather Bureau can rescue them.

Farther south, nosing through the treacherous Caribbean, trim white freighters speed their perishable fruit cargoes to market. A day's delay may bring bananas to dock too ripe to sell; a sudden rain-squall on pineapples may rot them in their crates.

In New York or San Francisco a department store plans a week-end sale of beach and sports attire; an unexpected cold snap can upset everything. Fog and wind can send a transcontinental passenger plane crashing on some lonely mountainside. Frost can ruin fruit in the orchard. Hail can wreck a nation's wheat crop. Rain can break up a parade, dash a summer resort's dreams of a profitable season. Not enough rain may mean famine for a nation.

Vast Stakes—Literally millions of dollars every day depend on the 7,000 data-collecting stations scattered over North America. Are they dependable? Well, 85 to 90 per cent. dependable, even the skeptical New York *Sun*, which checked up on them for six months, admits. The trouble is, their forecasts are good for only twenty-four to thirty-six hours. Farmers would like to be able to see a drought at least a year ahead.

Last week the American Meteorological Society met in Kansas City at its annual convention to struggle with the task of devising reliable forecasts for longer advance periods. The methods were a far cry from those of Noah, who predicted the first rain—and was right.

For the old almanacs and proverbs have not stood up against the test of accuracy. Time was when every peasant knew and believed the jingles: "Rainbow in morning, shepherd's warning; rainbow at night, shepherd's delight"; "Evening red and morning gray help the traveler on his way; evening gray and morning red bring down rain upon his head"; "When the grass is dry at morning light, look for rain before the night."

And the faithful stand-by, the calendar of full moons and new moons and their supposed significance, usually compiled from a pile of old almanacs and a sketchy knowledge of astrology, has proved something less than infallible to the man with a tent circus or 800 acres of corn at stake.

The proverbs were all right in ancient Babylonia, where many of them were perpetuated in stone 4,000 years ago; and for the American Indians, who added the gruesome "When the locks turn damp in the scalp-house, surely it will rain." These simple people had no scientific instruments.

Pioneer Machinery—An unsung genius of Korea invented the first rain-gage, not much more than an ordinary earthen jug with a measuring stick in it, compared with the more elaborate cylinder-within-a-cylinder two and one-half feet high and eight inches across now standard with the United States Weather Bureau. Where the Asiatics placed them in the fifteenth century is not known, but to-day they are staked out in open meadows or atop skyscrapers, and the most modern have the smaller inside cylinder mounted on a balance arm one end of which automatically records on a revolving disk the amount of hourly and daily rainfall.

A thermometer in which a column of mercury rose and fell in a glass tube with a bulb on the bottom was invented by Galileo at the end of the sixteenth century. His principle remains to-day, with the addition of automatic recording indicators.

In 1643 came the barometer, a looping J-shaped tube fastened to a wooden mounting in which mercury registered air pressure by rising on the short or closed tube and falling on the long or open side.

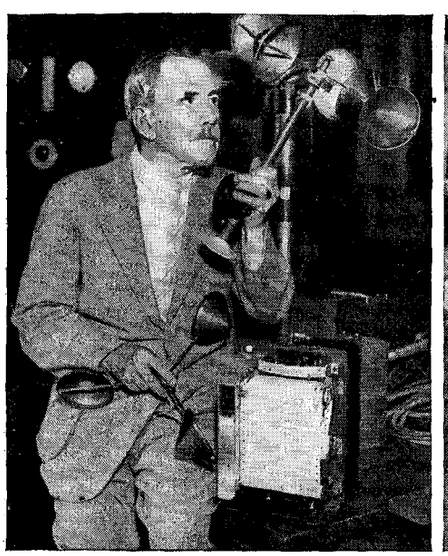
To these basic instruments other devices have been added, greatly facilitating the work of weather-recorders. Self-recording instruments have been sent aloft on kites, free and captive balloons, and air-planes. This week at Elmira, New York, entrants in the seventh annual soaring contest will get news of weather conditions from a radio robot, a compact device containing a thermometer, a barometer, and a wind-drift indicator.

Restricted Prophecy—Why is it, with all these modern instruments, that the Weather Bureau can not predict a day ahead with 100 per cent. accuracy?

The answer is that Nature still is too fickle for man. Storms—ordinary wind disturbances and rain—usually are caused by collisions of warm air-masses coming up from the Equator and cold air-masses coming down from the far north. Most of the latter originate in the area of the Aleutian Islands, forming in huge "balls" anywhere from a few hundred feet to a mile or more across.

Rolling in a southeasterly spiral down the Pacific, they encounter the warm air-masses sweeping up from Lower California, and, because cold air is heavier, slide in under the warm air. The two masses billow in long spirals eastward across the continent, and at the point of contact form the moisture areas that produce rain-making clouds.

The forecasting stations of the Weather Bureau know when these things happen,



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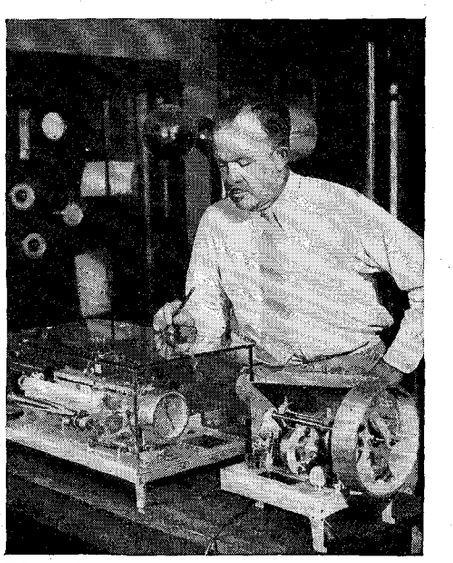
Keystone



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Weather men and some of their instruments: (left) anemometer, arranged to measure the relative driving power of three- and four-cup systems; (center) an aero-meteorograph, used on air-planes to obtain records of temperature, pressure, and humidity; (right) an all-water stage recorder, to gage river levels

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and when the same phenomena occur over the Atlantic, because the 7,000 watching stations send in their warnings. But, like the peace officer who broadcast news that a gang of bandits is heading east and was last seen on a certain highway, the weather men can only assume that the air masses will continue along the route where they were last seen.

A drift of ice south from the Aleutians, Alaska, or Greenland, setting up new cold-air currents, or another hitherto unpredictable change in Nature's whims, can throw the most accurate of instruments and the most tireless of men off the scent, just as bandits, suddenly doubling on their trial, can outwit sheriffs' posses.

In spite of such discouragements, the tireless men of the Bureau are at their job every day before most people are up—sometimes 6:30, never later than 8. Soon after sunrise strange jumbles of words begin to pour into the central office in Washington, D. C., from 300 stations in the United States, Canada, Alaska, and the West Indies, and from European bureaus and ships at sea.

"BOSTON ENDANGER SAMBO FORMFUL CURRENCY" wires a station. The first word indicates the city reporting. The code book defines "endanger" as indicating a sea-level barometric pressure of 30.04 inches and an air temperature of 22 degrees. "Sambo" means that the sky in Boston is partly cloudy and that the wind is blowing from the northwest at eighteen miles an hour. "Formful" reveals that the barometric pressure has been rising steadily for three hours, and that the maximum temperature during the day was thirty degrees. "Currency" says that the sky is half-covered with high, thin clouds, moving from the east.

From early morning the bureaus in large cities are besieged by messengers sent by business firms to get the daily printed or mimeographed forecast sheets, 90,000 of which are sent by mail daily to regular "subscribers."

The information is free to any one interested enough to call or ask to be put on the mailing list.

But free or not, the public seems never to be satisfied with it, infallibly remembering the times the Bureau was wrong and forgetting the times it was right. And asking the as yet impossible—more advance notice.

To that end scientists are studying weather cycles, ocean temperatures, air-masses, and the influence of planets, with a view to increasing the span of reliable forecast. The most promising lead has to do with a system of relating weather cycles to the amount of radiation—heat, light and ultra-violet—poured onto the earth by the sun.

For the present, tho, Nature chooses to remain fickle. And very likely the insurance companies which underwrite crops, and Lloyd's of London, which insures big prize-fights like the Louis-Schmeling affair, tent circuses, and the All-England tennis matches at Wimbledon, are glad of it.

FANATICAL URGE: Roll of Paranoiacs Includes Heroes and Assassins

Benvenuto Cellini, boisterous goldsmith-sculptor of the sixteenth century, had delusions that enemies were trying to kill him with powdered diamonds.

Nothing less than diamonds would satisfy his vanity.

He pictured a halo around his head; everybody, he felt, was jealous of him.

Napoleon was convinced he was a Man of Destiny, preordained to carry out his dreams of vast empire. He firmly believed a special star came into the heavens the day of his birth.

Carry Nation and Abraham Lincoln's assassin, John Wilkes Booth, were both certain of the divine origin of their beliefs.

Giuseppe Zangara, diminutive would-be assassin of President Franklin D. Roosevelt and murderer of Mayor Anton J. Cermak of Chicago, hysterically explained his planned sniping was the result of a stomach-ache. Observers of his trial think he really believed that.

All of these people had paranoia, victims of systematic delusions which drove them to fanatical acts. It is the commonest form of mental twist which attacks mankind.

Tragic Record—To paranoia may be attributed innumerable murders, acts of brutality, lives of tremendous evil.

And to it may be attributed nearly all the heroic achievement, martyrdom, the blue-white flame which has driven religious, social and political reformers forward through the centuries.

Last week, Dr. Harold S. Hulbert, consulting psychiatrist of the East Chicago Child Guidance Clinic, presented new theories upon the paranoid state of mind in the *Journal of the Indiana State Medical Association.*

Paranoia, thinks Doctor Hulbert, is caused by lack of brain cells, either congenital or due to some injury. A child is born with all the brains it will ever possess. If there is a deficiency of brains, it is Doctor Hulbert's theory that paranoia may appear between the ages of twenty-eight and thirty-three.

No amount of education or use of the brains will make up for the lack of certain cells. But use of the brains or lack of it may guide the form paranoia takes.

The affliction is a normal attitude in children around the age of nine and a half. It is a stage of delusion that most people pass through. But in some, arrested development may be concealed for years, then break out in violent form.

Physicians Baffled—No cure for paranoia has yet been found. Generally, it increases in strength once it takes possession of the mind. It is one of the most interesting questions to psychiatrists, not only in regard to those who are driven insane or criminal by the condition, but because it is part of the driving force of the world's truly great as well.

Psychiatrists agree that many people have varying degrees of paranoia. Three typical paranoiacs are the self-made financial or political giant; the man who becomes overwrought when his pet theory is disputed; the self-made martyr.

Notable Victims—Dr. Charles MacLarnin, in his book, "Post Mortems," describes two colorful and notable paranoiacs of history, Jean Paul Marat, the French Revolutionary leader, and Charlotte Corday, who was inspired to murder him in his bathtub.

Marat's fixed idea was that the *proletariat* should possess everything, the aristocrats nothing—including their heads. Keeping score of those he guillotined, his ambition was to kill 200,000 aristocrats in one day.

In a small town across France, Charlotte Corday heard of his malevolent nature, and developed a paranoia to kill the killer. In her case it took the form of martyrdom. Plunging a butcher-knife into his breast while he steeped in a curative bath, she walked forth and gave herself up.

Doctor Hulbert suggests that when paranoia develops to the extent of dangerous threats, delusions of grandeur or the persecution complex, paranoiacs should be locked up for life. But he notes that it is this very force which might become instantly dangerous which has driven men and women to much of the world's really great and heroic work and sacrifice.

Acme

Paranoiacs of the past: (left to right) Jean Paul Marat, exponent of the guillotine; Giuseppe Zangara, would-be assassin of President Roosevelt, and Benvenuto Cellini, who was afraid of walking on "diamond dust"

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W. C. FIELDS IN A ROBIN HOOD SPIRIT

Comedian in New Screen Rôle After Winning Back His Health

"Poppy" is the motion-picture W. C. Fields almost didn't make. It is the picture no other clown in Hollywood could have made.

Fields put his trade-mark on the rôle twenty years ago when he turned the jumble-shop stage show of the same name into a comedy triumph. Then he made a silent film version. The present talking-singing version is all that any Fields addict could ask.

When Paramount first considered the picture last Winter, Fields didn't think he would live to see a camera turn; and he didn't care. Gravely ill, weak as a cat, the comedian went out to the desert; he spent weeks there letting the sun bake strength back into him.

When the picture started, he came back to town. Even then he told friends he'd be lucky to finish it.

None of that siege will be apparent to audiences. The Fields unction, the Fields serio-comic posturing, run through almost every foot of "Poppy." The plot of the gay, romping insanity is about as mysterious as a cobblestone and just about as old-fashioned. No one will resent it for that.

It is good antique hokum trussed up for a Fields vehicle. All that matters is that *Professor Eustace McGargle* is back in perfect form.

Hilarious Scenes—In "Poppy" he is a lovable old reprobate grifting his way in and out of chances to turn a possibly dishonest quarter into a definitely dishonest half-dollar.

He forces his way into a limping carnival troupe; thereafter the film becomes a hilarious succession of Fields tricks: a superbly piratical shell-game scene, the old poker game hold-up, and just enough treacle to keep the Hollywood franchise.

Rochelle Hudson, altho she belongs to the school of screen ingenues who can and mostly do rely on beauty to make their work stick, plays the title rôle with better than habitual manifestations of talent.

Fields, as her guardian, shepherds her through a romance not complicated by too many pitfalls, and in the end sees to it that love conquers all, including a Robin Hood spirit nestled in the heart of a clown.

In "Poppy," W. C. Fields returns to the screen as "Prof. Eustace McGargle," with Rochelle Hudson in the title-role

Catherine Doucet, a pet in the New York theater, adds considerably to her screen stature in the rôle of *Maggy Tubbs* who becomes a countess—a fiendishly insufferable one.

She is an excellent foil for the bland felonies of Fields.

Cinema patrons sworn to fealty to Fields—as who isn't?—will relish "Poppy." The other minority will find it an amiable if sometimes mad comedy.

Curiously, the Hollywood preview press was not unanimous.

Press Comment—*The Hollywood Reporter:* "It is artful nonsense from a master of mad-waggery."

Hollywood Daily Variety: "Slow and lacking smoothness, 'Poppy' needs straightening out before it will please many other than out-and-out W. C. Fields fans."

Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

AAAA—"These Three"; "Little Lord Fauntleroy"; "The Great Ziegfeld"; "The Green Pastures"; "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford."

AAA—"Desire"; "The Singing Kid"; "Sons O'Guns"; "Fury"; "Dancing Pirate"; "Early to Bed."

The ratings are: *AAAA*, Excellent; *AAA*, Good; *AA*, Acceptable, and *A*, Poor.

GOOD NAPOLEON: Also Marion Davies in a Romance of Louisiana Purchase Days

The second important film of the week is also a remake of an old play and an old photoplay: "Hearts Divided," a lavish vehicle for Marion Davies. A generation ago Rida Johnson Young wrote it as "Glorious Betsy," and early in 1928 Dolores Costello made it as a half-silent, half-talking picture.

The plot, probably familiar to most, has foundation in the Louisiana Purchase. A wide-mouthed purse has been opened to surround a faintly creaky plot with enough glamour and musical-comedy trickery to keep it alive and bubbling for 1936 audiences. The result is a romantic picture in which Miss Davies is lovely, Dick Powell sings with his usual *brio* and a New York stage actor, Claude Rains, steals the show to achieve a long, carefully cherished ambition.

Mr. Rains in face and figure is an astonishing double of Napoleon.

When toiling for the Theater Guild on Broadway he made no secret of his yearning to play the Corsican for footlight or camera.

In "Hearts Divided" he is Napoleon—a good Napoleon; it is one of the rare times when an actor has justified his faith in himself in a treasured rôle.

Maryland audiences will react warmly to the scenes involving old Baltimore. The cinema seldom has recreated so successfully the flavors, customs and wistful loveliness of an old and romantic city.

Beauty and Dialog—The Warner Brothers have used all the screen artifice and witchery at their command to make palatable a picture which at base suffers from plot trouble. The scenarists, Laird Doyle and Casey Robinson, recognizing an antique when it is put before them, have concentrated on sprightly dialog and effective use of Miss Davies's blonde beauty.

The story is little more than the recitation of Jerome Bonaparte's arrival in the United States to negotiate the sale of Louisiana Territory. He meets and succumbs to a belle of Baltimore and revolts against a projected State marriage. *Betsy* (Miss Davies) goes along to plead with Napoleon, but is rejected. Disconsolately she returns to America; then, strolling through an old garden, she hears a familiar voice in song. It is Jerome, who has renounced Title, Country and Fortune for Love.

Views of Critics—There was little critical division of opinion at the preview:

The Hollywood Reporter: "It comes to the screen again superbly dressed but carrying the aroma of an old-fashioned operetta without music."

Hollywood Daily Variety: "The story is kept human and convincing and captivating in its semihistoric treatment."

Claude Rains, latest in a long list of actors who have portrayed Napoleon

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RESTORING 1,000 GLASS BITS IN PANELS

Marcel Duchamp, Altho an Iconoclast, Recreates Works

In a porticoed Connecticut house, Marcel Duchamp, 49-year-old former artist, stooped diligently last week over a thousand pieces of broken painted glass.

Spread out before him in the bright June sunlight they resembled jagged sections of some strange jig-saw puzzle. Like a jig-saw puzzle the long-faced Frenchman handled them. Thoughtfully, painstakingly, his slender fingers groped among the glistening shards in the seemingly impossible task of piecing together a complete entity. He was busy restoring for Miss Katherine S. Dreier, artist and lecturer, two large glass panels in her West Redding home.

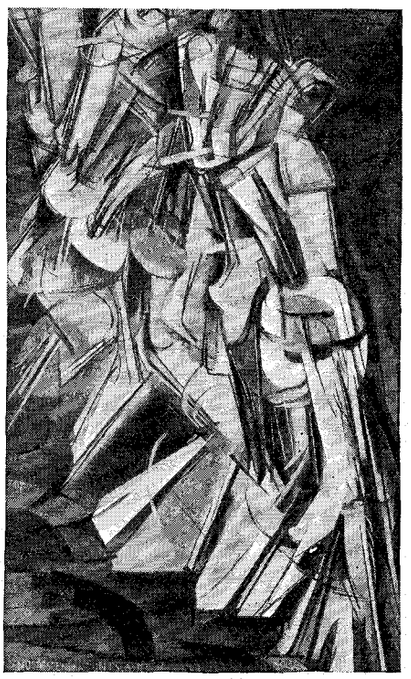


Photo Courtesy Museum of Modern Art

"The Nude Descending the Stairs," the "portrait" which created a sensation in 1913 . . .

Many years ago on these now shattered panels he had painted his celebrated abstract picture, "The Bride"—"a catalog of my ideas; all the impressions I had while painting it."

"It is a slow task," he says, and smiles with pleasure as he spots an elusive fragment.

Out comes the pipe from between his teeth; fingers reach for the glue-pot. So much of "The Bride" is in place again. The onlooker gasps his amazement. Even before it was broken, the picture, a swirling mass of color, was a baffling one to laymen and to many artists—modernistic in the extreme.

Unusual Career—M. Duchamp is used to such gasps. From 1917 to 1920 he created a furor among art critics, amused or exasperated the American public, and thoroughly enjoyed himself with one of the most checkered careers in the history of painting.

He is the artist who created "The Nude Descending the Stairs" (see cut), the portrait of "actual action" which was the news feature of the 1913 Armory Show, America's first introduction to modernist art.

Not only was it the news feature; it was also the most strongly discussed picture in the show. Conjecture raged and critics almost came to blows trying to decide whether it was art or not.

In those days of the wild, recent past M. Duchamp, still in his twenties, was in revolt even against the Cubism of the ultra-experimenter, Pablo Picasso. With the wealthy, equally sardonic Francis Picabia, he initiated over here the short-lived cult of Dadaism, which was nothing more nor less than an attempt on the part of the post-War moderns to laugh the standards and idols of conventional art out of existence.

Chuckling together they "discovered" the esthetic value of ten-cent store articles and other prosaic objects. Solemnly Duchamp entered a common or garden spade in a 1917 exhibition, with much ballyhoo about its "symmetry," "balance" and "exquisite lines." For a library he gravely "painted" a picture, using "plastic elements" which included a wire ice-box cleaner, bed-springs, a real bicycle wheel and a corkscrew. Equally gravely the observers examined it. Critical opinion was divided as to its merits.

Amusing New Note—Returning to Paris the irreverent duo took with them from a five-and-dime store two purchases "elected to beauty." Duchamp bore a small colored reproduction of the "Mona Lisa" which he had embellished with a mustache. Picabia's choice was a toy monkey which he glued to a frame and labeled "Portrait of Cézanne," one of the earliest and most respected of the modernists. Then they called in the critics to view the new note in art.

Constructively, however, before his departure in 1920, Duchamp organized with Miss Katherine Dreier, the *Société Anonyme* "to promote art progressive in all its branches." The present work of the society consists of advising and assisting museums to hold forward-looking exhibitions. Last year it helped three American shows in this way.

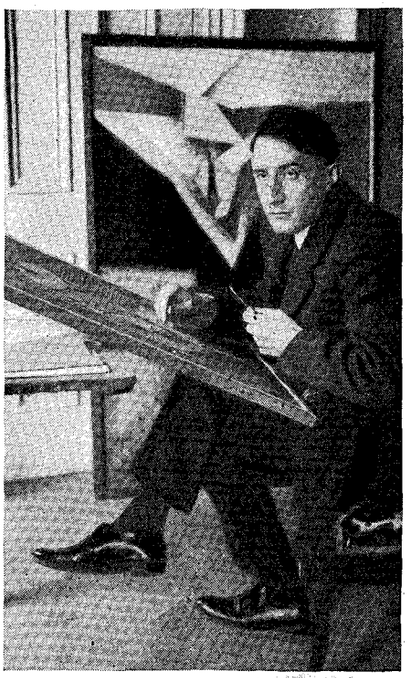
But despite his affiliation with the *Société Anonyme* Duchamp's views continued to be iconoclastic. So great were his beliefs in the futility of making works of art by hand that, as C. J. Bulliet, author of the highly informative "The Significant Moderns" (Publishers, Covici-Friede), writes, "he quit painting as of no consequence and played chess."

Says Duchamp himself: "For me, painting is out of date. It is a waste of energy, not good engineering, not practical. We have photography, the cinema, so many other ways of expressing life now.

"Of course, there will always be painters." The last of the Dadaists admits this, and his mouth twitches in amusement at the horror his ideas still arouse among art-interested people. "But for me, there is no religion for life in it any more. I am unable to see who may be the geniuses of to-morrow now working their way upward. To me they seem to be going backward, not progressing."

On top of that he finds in young American artists "more spontaneity, more real worth" than in Paris art, where "they are still speculating in the prices of the great pictures of the last three decades."

Voyages to U. S.—Periodically, almost every two years, he visits this country. This time he came at Miss Dreier's behest; she is still a propagandist for modern art, and she believed him the only man capable of repairing the broken panels of "The Bride." For, as she said, "This work's beauty and originality must not be lost."



. . . and its creator, Marcel Duchamp, who now thinks that "painting is out of date"

It was last exhibited in 1926-1927 at the 23-Country International show at the Brooklyn, New York, Museum. Its two large joined panels, designed to screen opaquely the entire wall of a good-sized room, aroused much interest. On the way back to Miss Dreier at West Redding, the packing-cases containing it were badly jarred and the glass smashed.

Originally "The Bride" was a painting on canvas. In 1911-1915 Duchamp did it over on glass in such a way that it would be a "catalog of ideas" instead of a "mere picturization."

In 1934, as a supplement to the panels when they should be restored, he compiled a large file of explanatory notes to aid art lovers in appreciating the intricacies of the portrait.

"The Bride" and "The Nude Descending the Stairs" are Duchamp's two most important works. Altho he may be disgusted with the "out-of-dateness" of brush stroke art, he still prizes these pictures more than anything else he has done.

Strangely enough, both are in this country, tho at opposite ends. Walter Conrad Arensberg of Hollywood, a poet who argues that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, owns the startling "Nude" eternally scurrying downstairs.

It has been laughed at and it has been

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lauded. Some one once described it as the picture of "a load of wood being thrown into a cellar." Others have hailed it as sheer genius. Of it Marcel Duchamp now says a little wearily:

"I have painted nothing more like it. Since 1921 I have done nothing creative. It is a painting like any other. It must be looked on as any picture in history, not as a freak."

ART AND MACHINES: Beauty in Age of Mass-Production Fostered by Exhibit

For a month capacity crowds have been jamming the oblong three-storied building of the Worcester, Massachusetts, Art Museum. From Southbridge, from Fitchburg, from Marlboro, Leominster, Boston—many from more distant points—they have come to examine the displays of machine-made products produced in factories within a twenty-five-mile radius.

But eight or nine hundred people don't give up a Sunday's motoring to crowd into three rooms just to look at coils of leather belting, a grinding wheel, spiral springs, machine-gears and curving knife-blades. Most of the visitors see these things nearer home in their own daily turns at steel reamer, lathe or toggle press.

They come instead to see these familiar things transformed into an art exhibit: "Art of the Machine Age—the Challenge of Mass-Production," by the necromancy of an idealistic architect and industrial designer, Walter Baermann.

Scattered with apparent carelessness, some of the entries are displayed on a heavy suspension-table hung from the ceiling by tenuous, yet marvelously strong wire. Others are posed on slanting platforms. Some are in display-cases. The whole is set off by a background of 800 feet of photomurals, enormous photographs which suggest the practical uses of these artistic pieces of machinery.

"I am trying to show that beauty doesn't have to be arty," explains Mr. Baermann, whose accents still disclose his native land. "And I did not want to do an imitation of Europe. We have all we need in this country for art and industry." Walter Baermann, German-born graduate of the University of Munich with a philosophy degree, another in architecture from the *Technische Hochschule*, is now an American citizen.

Worcester picked the thirty-three-year-old designer to handle its exhibit because of his distinguished and varied career. He came to this country only eight years ago, at the suggestion of Joseph Urban, Austrian-born leader in American architecture. But he soon turned to industrial design, working with men as noted in this new field as Norman Bel-Geddes, "inventor" of stream-lining.

Beauty Foremost—His dominating idea, as exemplified in the gleaming motors and vermillion, lemon-yellow, and Chinese-red fixtures of "Art of the Machine Age," is that beauty should be a simple thing of every-day life; that it should be an essential part of the instruments we use and the dwellings in which we live. He refused to allow any of the forty manufacturers who lent material for the show to "pretty up" their products with chromium-plating or special decoration.

"These useful objects have splendid line and design naturally," he explained to the hard-headed business men who at first were skeptical that beauty exists in their commonplace products.

For three months Baermann browsed through 200 factories, seeking the unrealized art objects which have been unwittingly turned out by modern industry. One day, while poking through a pile of scrap metal, Baermann shrieked joyously: "I'll take that Brancusi!"

The astounded foreman blinked in amazement. "That Brancusi" was a twisted, coil-like fleshing-knife, a tanning instrument (see cut), as startlingly abstract in design as anything produced by Brancusi, the experimental sculptor.

Eye of Architect—For one month, Baermann worked in the Museum itself. Here he erected and painted partitions, and put photomurals in place. Then he placed his collection; with his architect's eye he scanned it to be sure it was so placed as to form just the right part of the unified curves into which the entire show has been welded. Then he was ready to throw open the doors.

"I want to have people feel that they are walking right through a work of art," he explains. "Through the week, we get students. This sort of thing is going ahead in schools. It's the way art can help young people to fit themselves into modern life, by feeling its shape and color. But the Sunday afternoon crowds of workmen and employers give us the biggest kick of all."

Francis H. Taylor, Art Museum Director, is quick to explain that "Art of the Machine Age" is not an advertising project for the firms whose products are represented. The aim of the exhibition is to represent "the latent and accidental beauty in fine machinery."

"It's a high compliment to our idea," says Mr. Baermann, "that these industrialists have agreed with it. They realize now that we are working toward the same end: to make lovelier the machine age in which we live."

NEW BOOKS: A Novel of the Incas and Stories by Thomas Mann Among Them

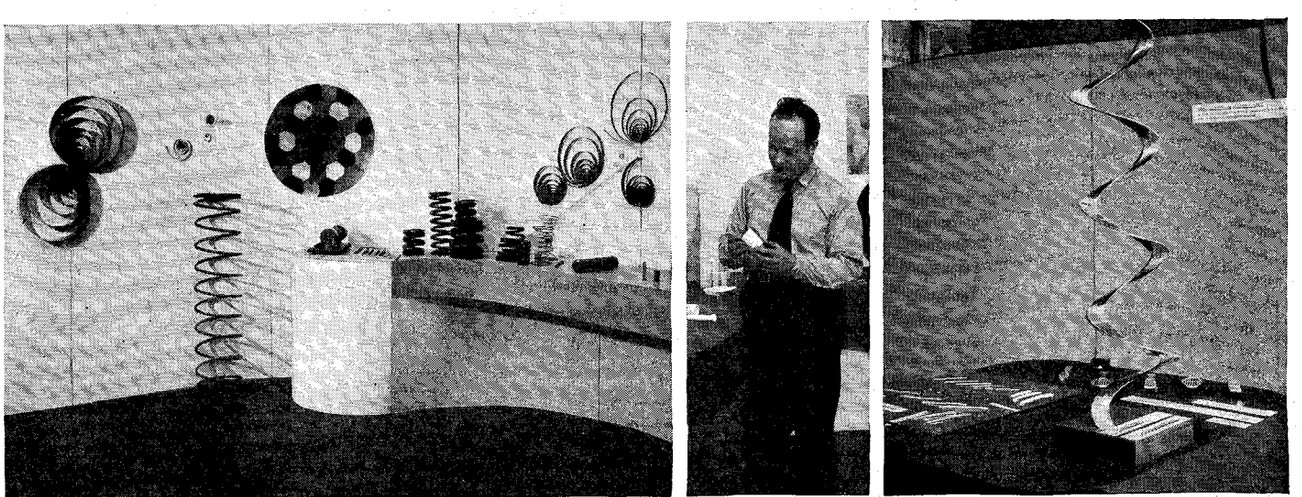
Day of the Immense Sun. By Blair Niles. 348 pp. (Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $2.50.)

Mrs. Niles explains to her readers in a foreword that the dead past "comes alive for me only when seen through the drama of private lives." Thus has arrived a work of scholarly reconstruction with a hero to make it breathe and assume the proportions of something more than the history of a vanished civilization.

"Day of the Immense Sun" is the story of the Inca, *Tito*, who traveled throughout the Empire of the Four Parts and became an interpreter for the Spanish Pizarro, and of *Salla*, the girl who became a Virgin of the Sun. It is also a story of the penchant of the white man for rooting up and destroying the faith by which other races have lived in peace and contentment for long years.

The Incas lived in a planned society. In return for obedience, they obtained security from want. And the highest, as well as the lowest, submitted. But this whole-hearted faith in a supreme will proved the undoing of the tribes. For the Spaniards, lusting for gold, were only too eager to prove that money is the root of all evil.

By her industrious research and exploration, Mrs. Niles has been able to give a new gloss to the story of the conquest of Peru. Her book takes on the character of



Walter Baermann, who arranged the show of machine art at the Worcester Art Museum, stands between springs, cable sections, and shaped wire (left), and razors, brushes, and a fleshing-blade (right)

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a dramatization of a museum, perhaps, but there is nothing musty in the tale of *Tito* and *Salla* in love.

Critical Opinion—NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE BOOKS: *"At a time like the present there is a special fascination in Mrs. Niles's picture of the Empire of Four Parts. . . . I can not think of any one who would have entered into such a study with greater eagerness and sensitiveness. The outcome is a novel which is a vivid and absorbing portrait of a time and a race."*

Clansmen. By Edith Boileau. 448 pp. (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company; $2.50.)

Edith Boileau is regarded by the critics as a writer of sophisticated novels. Socially-minded book reviewers, in their search for "significance," find in her work the basis for hot disagreement. Her readers, however, have come to know her for that all-too-rare literary phenomenon, the author who tells a story for the story's sake.

"Clansmen" concerns itself with the *Stewarts* of Ardbeck, in the time of Bonnie Prince Charlie. A Hanoverian George was on the throne, and the exiled *Charles Stewart* was across the Channel in France. The *Stewarts,* drinking their over-the-water toast to the king, were offering the Jacobite allegiance to the "true king," deceiving the while the spies of the Hanoverians.

Old *Alan Stewart,* the great man of the clan, lived again in young *Alan,* born in 1900 to bring back his family from the desolation of the depression to the hardy highlands of Inverness. Within the story of this back-to-the-farm hegira stands the history of Imperial Britain.

When the Scots went to war, the *Stewarts* were there. When the warrior became the policeman of the trader, the *Stewarts* went into trade. They sent scions to India and established a great house in London City. They were a power when *Alexander* found himself unable to cope with the economic forces of the last decade and tumbled the whole family into ruin.

Young *Alan,* however, with an eye for new values, is at work in the end restoring his clan to the competence offered by Ardbeck.

Critical Opinions—WASHINGTON (D. C.) DAILY NEWS: *"Writing in the Scott and Stevenson tradition, Edith Boileau combines a popular technique and subject matter with genuine grace and appeal as a story teller.*

RICHMOND NEWS LEADER: *"If the sound of bagpipes, the sight of kilts and the music of an auld Scottish song 'do things to you,' or if you simply have a yen for Highland romance, you will get a bigger kick out of this novel than out of anything else on the year's book list."*

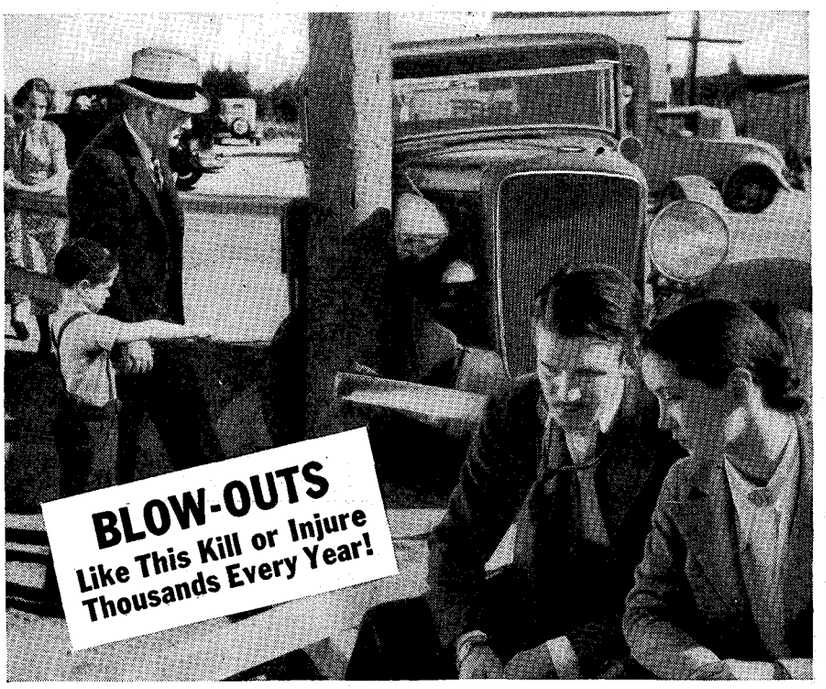
* * *

Stories of Three Decades. By Thomas Mann. 567 pp. (New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $3.)

What the Doctors Mayo of Rochester, Minnesota, are to sick and ailing men of affairs, Thomas Mann is to weary-eyed book reviewers: He restores to them the strength to carry on.

In his new book, a collection of twenty-four stories running into twice the wordage of the average novel, the German writer of tales shows clearly the qualities which endeared "The Magic Mountain" to the American public. Tho the author speaks through a translator—H. T. Lowe-Porter—what he has to say concerns such deeply

STOP. LOOK. READ!



HOW EXCLUSIVE GOODRICH INVENTION PROTECTS YOU FROM BLOW-OUTS!

THE purpose of this picture is to make you realize how vitally important tires are to motoring safety. Don't make the mistake of ignoring the danger of blow-outs. At today's high speeds blistering heat is generated *inside* the tire. Unknown to you, rubber and fabric begin to separate. A blister forms—and grows and GROWS! Sooner or later, and without warning—BANG! A terrifying BLOW-OUT! You can't steer! You can't stop! You're in the hands of Fate.

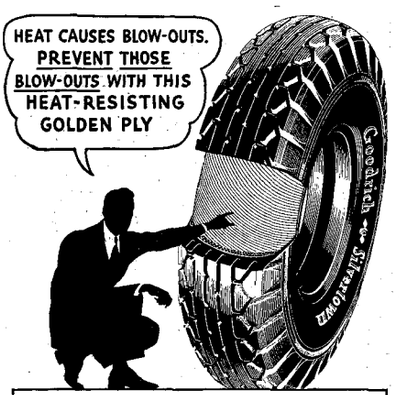
Don't gamble

Years ago Goodrich engineers foresaw the need for a safer tire—for a tire that would stand up under the higher speeds that were coming. It wasn't easy work. They tested, tested—improved, improved. Twenty-four hours a day they kept at it. Until finally they struck something revolutionary in tire construction. They perfected the Life-Saver Golden Ply, a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist internal tire heat.

By resisting this heat, this amazing Golden Ply, found *only* in Goodrich Safety Silvertowns, keeps rubber and fabric from separating. It keeps dangerous heat blisters from forming. And when you prevent the blister, you prevent the high-speed blow-out.

That blister, that blow-out in the making may be *inside* your tire right now. Quit gambling. Play safe by equipping your car with a set of Goodrich Golden Ply Silvertowns. That's the way to make every drive you take this summer a real *pleasure* trip—that's the way to get *full* value for your tire dollars.

In addition to real blow-out protection you'll enjoy the months of extra, trouble-free mileage and the greater riding comfort that these life-saving Goodrich tires provide. Yet just imagine! Silvertowns cost no more than other standard tires—*not one cent!* See your Goodrich dealer today.



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The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

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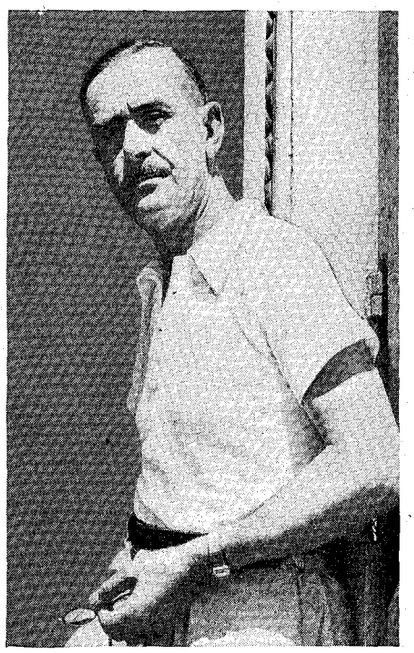


Acme

Thomas Mann . . . restores strength to weary-eyed book reviewers

human experiences that neither German nor Continental society can claim him exclusively.

Thus, in the allegory "Mario the Magician," the whole picture of fascism stands out in such detail that his account of the manner by which the magician relieved his first victim from the responsibility of making a choice might be applied to any single-track mind imbued with the notion it had a copyright on the panacea for the evils of civilization.

Herr Mann, for all his sly wit and ingratiating humor, never divorces himself completely from a contemplation of the results of human folly. He is not merely a story teller. His books are not a refuge for those seeking escape from the ordinary problems attendant upon living from day to day. His make-believe, though his art may be of a high order, associates intimately with the commonplace.

In these 567 pages, the student of letters can trace the changing social and political moods of thirty years. And for that reason alone, this book will prove valuable.

Critical Opinions—THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE: "*The collection is complete and in a sense definite. . . . What we should normally expect is a miscellany exhibiting, not only growth, but also change. But, as it happens, there is simply nothing miscellaneous about Thomas Mann. . . . The twenty-four stories show their author with a stedfast singleness and simplicity which even the wayfaring reader can not miss.*"

NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW: "*Here is more than a sound tribute to one of the most distinguished of living writers; here also is our first opportunity to encounter in English a half dozen of Mann's fictional writings. . . .*"

* * *

Death Is a Little Man. By Minnie Hite Moody. 274 pp. (New York: Julian Messner, Inc.; $2.50.)

The author of "Once Again in Chicago," that gentle romance which still haunts the recollection of some of its readers, has turned to the Georgia Negro for another novel. And with distinctive success. The tale of *Eenie Coade*, the wife of *Weaver*, in its small way helps to solve some of the befuddlement with which the Northerner inevitably looks upon the Deep South. *Eenie*, the daughter of an African-Baptist minister, is, to her way of thinking, a Christian. But jungle roots still flourish in her lively imagination, and when her first child dies at birth, there seems to be logic in its passing. For had not *Weaver* named it after the President who had himself just died?

Weaver started out to be an industrious and dependable husband until he was kicked in the stomach by a mule, which left him with a misery that only corn whisky could comfort.

But corn caused him to get into scrapes, and women and *Weaver's* razor left *Eenie* in a series of temporary widowhoods. So *Eenie* got along "mindin' white folks' chillun."

The childlike qualities on another civilization—who was it who remarked that the Chinese thought the Americans were curiously naïve?—weave in and out of the tale.

Critical Opinions—THE ATLANTA JOURNAL: "*. . . proves her insight into the life of a people found in Atlanta, and her great and sympathetic understanding of the black people whose lives are inseparable from the lives of all Southerners . . . a gentle, beautiful story of the humble and the forbearing and the simple-hearted.*"

HARTFORD TIMES: "*Any one who does not read 'Death is a Little Man' will certainly miss one of the best novels of the season.*"

* * *

Child prodigies continue to offer grist for the literary mill. One of the latest is Lis, who in **"Lis Sails the Atlantic"** (Dutton) recalls how a little girl shipped from Copenhagen aboard the *Monsoon* with her father, mother, two brothers and two seamen. At the age of twelve, Lis reports that Napoleon isn't buried at St. Helena, that New York isn't so wonderful—barring Coney Island—and that in Brazil they have good things to eat.

Best Sellers for May

From *The Publishers' Weekly* (compiled from reports of ninety booksellers in sixty-eight cities)

Fiction

Sparkenbroke, by Charles Morgan. Macmillan, $2.75.

The Last Puritan, by George Santayana. Scribner, $2.75.

The Thinking Reed, by Rebecca West. Viking Press, $2.50.

The Hurricane, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Little, Brown, $2.50.

South Riding, by Winifred Holtby. Macmillan, $2.50.

Jamaica Inn, by Daphne du Maurier. Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.

Beyond Sing the Woods, by Trygve Gulbrannsen. Putnam, $2.50.

It Can't Happen Here, by Sinclair Lewis. Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.

The Rolling Years, by Agnes Sligh Turnbull. Macmillan, $2.50.

The Weather in the Streets, by Rosamond Lehmann. Reynal & Hitchcock, $2.50.

Non-Fiction

The Way of a Transgressor, by Negley Farson. Harcourt, Brace, $3.

Wake Up and Live! by Dorothea Brande. Simon & Schuster, $1.75.

Man, The Unknown, by Alexis Carrel. Harper, $3.50.

North to the Orient, by Anne Morrow Lindbergh. Harcourt, Brace, $2.50.

Around the World in Eleven Years, by Patience, Richard and John Abbe. Stokes, $2.

Inside Europe, by John Gunther. Harper, $3.50.

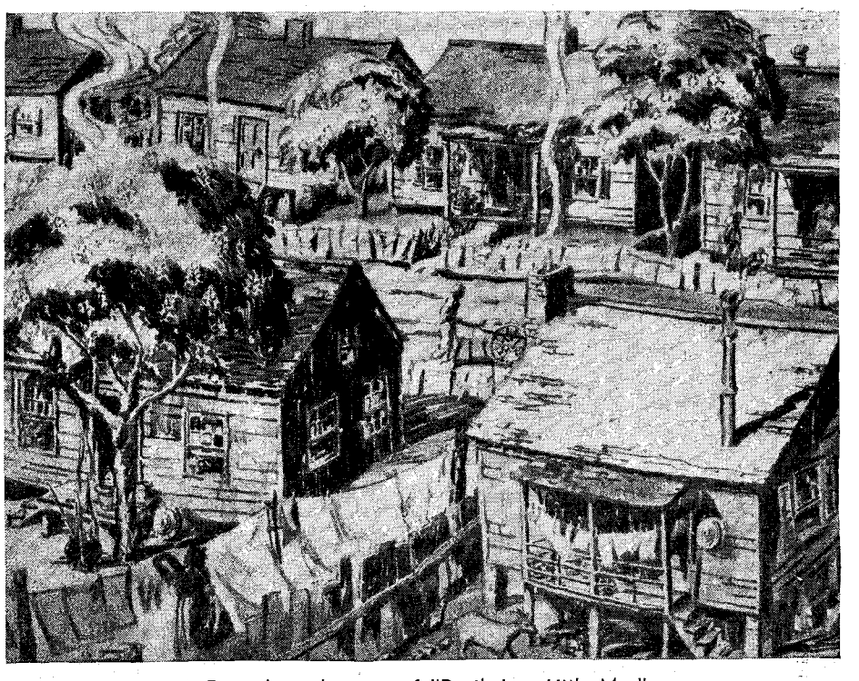
Life With Father, by Clarence Day. Knopf, $2.

The Living Jefferson, by James Truslow Adams. Scribner, $3.

From a Surgeon's Journal, by Harvey Cushing. Little, Brown, $5.

Birds of America, ed. by T. Gilbert Pearson. Garden City Pub. Co., $3.95.

Patrick Carleton, author of **"Saturday to Monday"** (Dutton), has the oddest collection of hobbies—archeology, snake charming and boxing-matches. Also, he has a speaking acquaintance with Arabic, Biblical Hebrew, Assyrian and Sumerian. His vices, he says, are "beer, tobacco and a fondness for the sound of my own voice."



From the end papers of "Death Is a Little Man"

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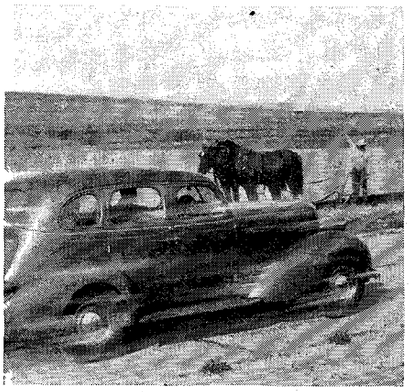

AUTOMATIC GAS-SAVING STUDEBAKER OVERDRIVE—A WORK HORSE AND RACE HORSE IN THE SAME CAR—*With automatic overdrive, your Studebaker travels 3 miles on 2 miles of engine work—quickly saves enough gasoline for you to pay its slight extra cost.*

THE gas economy of the 1936 Studebaker would be remarkable in a very lowest priced car. And it isn't theoretical economy—it's official! A stock Studebaker Dictator averaged 24.27 miles per gallon, under A. A. A. supervision, to lead its field in the national gas economy classic! The Studebaker President Eight in the same event exceeded 20 miles per gallon!

Talented Helen Dryden, internationally famed designer, has given this big, solid, beautifully proportioned new Studebaker a smartness, outside as well as inside, that no other car of the year can match.

And what a comfort it is to drive! Swift, dependable acceleration! And straight-line steering that responds to the touch of a finger tip! See for yourself why so many motorists, long loyal to other cars, are choosing Studebaker as a better buy this year.

*Dictator prices begin at $665—President prices at $965, list at factory, South Bend, Indiana. And Studebaker's C.I.T. 6% plan offers a new low in time payments.

Studebaker's Automatic Hill Holder is like having an extra foot!

When you stop on an upgrade, you simply hold the clutch pedal down and you don't roll back. Your right foot is freed for the accelerator.

Feather-touch hydraulic brakes and world's largest one-piece steel top!

Studebaker leads the whole field this year in safe construction as well as safe operation.

* * *

Flat, restful floors with 3 extra inches of toe room . . . 58% inches of rear seat elbow room

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U. S. LABOR-UNIONS AT CROSSROADS?

Crisis Approaching in Clashing Aims of Two Powerful Leaders

A curt letter from one blunt miner to another last November tore a hole in the councils of the American Federation of Labor. Addressed to William Green, Federation President, it snapped:

"Dear Sir and Brother: Effective this date, I resign as Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor. Yours truly, John L. Lewis."

Then Lewis put his sturdy shoulder to the task of organizing workers along the industrial lines of the United Mine Workers of America, which he heads. His aim is to unite the various workers—mechanics, painters, electricians—of a single industry vertically into one big union. Federation policy commits Green to organization by crafts—cutting across industries to segregate plasterers, painters, other workers, according to their tasks.

Lewis's drive won eight more unions over to his new Committee for Industrial Organization, widening the breach with conservative Federation leaders. The Federation issued an ultimatum that the C. I. O. must dissolve or face expulsion when its Council meets July 3. The C. I. O. met the order defiantly by announcing that it had captured a tenth union—the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Tin and Steel Workers.

Problem of Split—The combined unions of the C.I.O. total a third of the Federation membership. Will they break away from the Federation and function independently and amicably, like the powerful railroad federations? Or will they gain enough strength to control the Federation? Already forty active trade-unions, apart from radical groups, with a membership of 700,000, function outside the Federation. The Federation commands 4,000,000 out of 40,000,000 American workers.

Many see the Federation in a fight for its life at its annual convention next fall. In the midst of it, President Green finds himself in a pretty personal dilemma. He is a mine-worker. If he expels the mine-workers from the Federation, he expels himself. The situation is unprecedented. To retain his Presidency, he might have to quit his own union and join another. A special ruling might make such a course possible, but Green has not yet crossed that bridge.

Fireworks are certain when the labor leaders gather. These clashes are not always verbal. At the last convention, in Atlantic City, the burly Lewis floored an adversary.

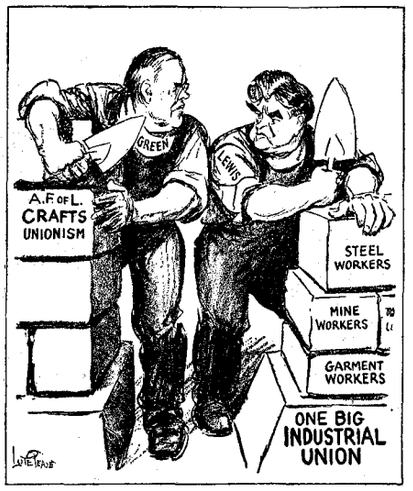
Verbal Fireworks—Hot words tossed back and forth by Lewis and Green last week culminated months of correspondence through which their growing estrangement may be traced.

Lewis to Green, December 7, 1935:

"It is bruited about that your private sympathies and individual inclinations lie with the group espousing the industrial type of organization, while your official actions and public utterances will be in support of their adversaries. Why not return to your father's house?"

Green to Lewis, June 5, 1936:

"For obvious reasons, it will now be impossible to unite and concentrate the full and complete economic, financial and organizing force of the American Federation of Labor. . . ."



RIVAL BUILDERS
—Pease in the Newark Evening News

Lewis to Green, June 6, 1936:

"It is known that your shipmates on the Executive Council are even now planning to slit your political throat and scuttle your official ship; they are caviling among themselves over the naming of your successor when the perfidious act of separation is completed."

Green to Lewis, June 6, 1936:

"No indulgence in poetic language can change the facts. You have made it impossible for the American Federation of Labor to unite and solidify its forces."

Lewis to Green, June 8, 1936:

"Your lament is that I will not join you in a policy of anxious inertia. Candidly, I am temperamentally incapable of sitting with you in sackcloth and ashes, endlessly intoning 'O Tempora! O Mores!' "

Editors' Conclusion—Following this philippic, the Newark *Evening News* regrets that "unhappily, American Labor has come to a crossroads where the wills of powerful and passionate leaders clash."

"Is it not better for the A. F. of L. to try to maintain leadership and to shape the labor movement in new molds rather than to keep a small part of it in the old molds?" the Milwaukee *Journal* asks.

The Washington *Post* acquiesces, in effect, with: "If the A. F. of L. wishes to be the standard bearer for a growing progressive type of organization, it will have to make allowance for the rapid change in the structure of our economic society."

In answer to the Communist *Daily Worker's* cry that "the time has come for the organization of the unorganized in the only way they can be organized in the great basic industries—through industrial unionism," the New York *Journal of Commerce* cautions:

"If existing and future vertical unions will adopt and foster a policy of extreme militancy in relations with employers and political radicalism, then industrial unionism constitutes a poor alternative to the craft unions which have been traditional in the American labor movement."

RED-ISSUE STRIKES: Rand Defies Workers in String of Eastern Factories

James H. Rand, Jr., stalked out of the front door of the brick office building of the Remington-Rand filing system factory at Tonawanda, New York, one morning last week, and faced a restless cluster of strikers. The quick-moving President of the far-flung office-supplies company flexed his muscles, ready to buck the line as he had when he was a Harvard half-back in 1907.

"You have said that I refused to meet the employees," he cast at the crowd. "Well, here I am and I will meet with any of you."

For three weeks the strike had tied up Remington-Rand plants in six cities. It began when seventeen men were dismissed in Syracuse, New York. Mr. Rand accused them of "acting like Communists." He accused radicals of carrying on a "reign of terror" in retaliation against a

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Strike-breakers en route to the Remington-Rand plant at Tonawanda, New York, find the going rough, as strikers try to rip out the bus's ignition wires

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anti-Communist program on one of the Remington-Rand radio hours.

Early in the strike, Mr. Rand, a Methodist, who seldom swears, vowed: "I'll be damned if I'll close up when we have salesmen depending on our filling their orders for their livelihood."

Later he challenged the Tonawanda strikers: "I'll take on any of you in a fair fight, one at a time."

Half-way across New York State from Tonawanda last week, in Syracuse, startled State G. A. R. veterans convening at the Onandaga Hotel walked out of their peaceful encampment into a street mêlée, and had to scurry for shelter. Police had loosed choking tear gas after strikers had met strike-breakers in the half-stripped Remington-Rand portable typewriter plant there with a barrage of eggs.

Wide-Spread Contest—In Ilion, New York, Remington-Rand removed the "for sale" sign from its accounting-machine factory and prepared to resume production while seventy-five deputies patrolled the plant.

In Marietta, Ohio, 125 employees of the safe cabinet division returned to their jobs after two weeks of idleness.

The company kept the doors shut tight on its bookkeeping and tabulating machine plant in Norwood, Ohio.

Trucks backed up to the doors of the noiseless typewriter factory in Middletown, Connecticut, and started carting the machinery off to an unannounced destination.

There were many places to which the machinery could go. Remington-Rand makes carbons, ribbons and duplicators supplies in Bridgeport, Connecticut; it produces card and loose-leaf printing and supplies in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and Brooklyn, New York; it has a binding plant in Benson, Michigan, and printing plants in Atlanta and San Francisco.

Last week, as its executives sought to arbitrate differences with the strikers in the six cities, it reported that its net profit for the fiscal year ended March 31 amounted to $3,010,288, an increase of 71 per cent. over the year before.

Parade

Last week an American *Anthony Adverse* died in an easy chair. But altho **John Hays Hammond, Sr.**, died in the comfortable library of his country estate, he went out as he had hoped to—with his boots on.

In "Soldiers of Fortune," Richard Harding Davis modeled his heroic *Clay* on Hammond, whose eighty-one years of living spanned the development of the West, whose adventures shuttled him over five continents. Several times he was in peril for his life; once he was condemned to death. He made friends with mine workers and knew presidents and kings.

After graduation from Sheffield Scientific School at Yale (1876), the young Californian took a graduate course at the Royal School of Mines, Freiberg, Saxony. Looking for a job, he tackled George Hearst, successful mine owner and father of William Randolph Hearst.

Hearst replied: "The only objection I have to you is that you have been in Freiberg getting your head filled with a lot of fool theories. I don't want kid-glove engineers."

"If you'll promise not to let my father know," young Hammond countered, "I'll tell you something. I didn't learn a thing in Germany."

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The late John Hays Hammond, Sr.: Sentenced to death, he was "too angry to be afraid"

He got the job, went to Mexico, ran into Apaches on the war-path and narrowly escaped a scalping. Then, finding himself in the midst of a revolution, he transformed a small house into a fort and drove off the "bandits" after a stormy siege.

With a six-gun strapped to either hip, he quelled a mine riot in Idaho. But in South Africa he shaped the course of history. He heard Boer carpenters building a gallows for his execution and saw his coffin trundled into the prison yard at Johannesburg.

Rhodes Aid—That was after the abortive Jameson raid in 1895. This foray was planned, but none too well executed by Cecil Rhodes. Hammond was among the Rhodes engineers who went into the Dutch Transvaal after President Oom Paul Kruger closed the gold-fields. And he was sentenced to death.

The whole United States clamored for a fair hearing. The Secretary of State sent messages in Hammond's behalf; his wife paid for a single cablegram of 5,000 words to the State Department. But the resulting Congressional petition for pardon was unavailing.

Buys Freedom—Tho out of prison on bail which the bondsman urged him to forfeit, Hammond returned from Rhodesia to Boer jurisdiction. He was found guilty. But Kruger, "for reasons of state," commuted the death sentence to life imprisonment. Hammond finally bought his way out with a $125,000 "fine."

"How did it feel to be sentenced to death?" he was asked.

"I was too angry to be afraid," he said heatedly. "It was arranged that we should plead guilty of treason, punishable by imprisonment. But we were tricked by the Boers and sentenced to death."

Hammond returned to America a millionaire. In South America, he scaled the Andes, explored the Amazon and met cannibals. Later, he became adviser to President Taft.

His star of fortune led him, in 1910, to the Ural Mountains and Eastern Siberia as mineral adviser to Czar Nicholas. But in his later years, the miner who could "smell gold a thousand miles away" found his greatest enjoyment in supervising boys' clubs.

In the picture gallery of his Washington home are 700 portraits. They are not from old masters but "portraits of friends I've met in the course of an interesting lifetime."

* * *

Col. Edward Howland Robinson Green, almost as astute as his versatile mother, Hetty Green, is dead at sixty-seven. He loved to spend money and had the largest of yachts. Neighbors near his 293-acre estate at South Dartmouth, Massachusetts, disliked his five-mile radio megaphone. . . . **Mrs. Julia S. Field,** widow of Eugene Field, poet, died at her Crystal Lake, Wisconsin, home two weeks after her husband's college fraternity saved her place from foreclosure.

"Stearns, coxswain, aged twenty-one," was the Rollins College crew-roster description of the leather-lunged performer who called out the winning beat when the Floridians outrowed Manhattan College. Her full name is **Sally Stearns,** 110 pounds, of Peterboro, New Hampshire. . . . **Edward G. Robinson,** screen bad man, admitted to New York City editors he had a weakness for collecting fine paintings. "Naw!" he sneered, chewing a cigar between sips at a long and cooling drink, "I don't go in for art; I go in for fun."

Marion A. Zioncheck, Representative from the State of Washington, kicked out two window screens in Gallinger Hospital, Washington, D. C., and galloped around the grounds in a white bathrobe, whooping and puffing at a long black cigar. It cost him his reputation as a model patient. . . . **Mrs. Elizabeth Cadwell Tomlinson** of Boston is the new President of the Christian Science Mother Church. . . . A brawl over twenty-five cents in his roadhouse resulted in the death of **Johny Black,** forty-five, coauthor of "Dardanella," 1919 song hit. Two men are being held on a murder charge.

Alfred E. Smith, well-known Honorary Night Superintendent of the Central Park Zoo, New York City, has a new "menagerial" job as Honorary Curator of the Staten Island Zoo. . . . **Richard Strauss** observed his seventy-third birthday by working on a new opera at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Bavaria. . . . **Mrs. Bruno Richard Hauptmann** wants New Jersey to return her husband's automobile and other effects seized after his arrest as kidnaper of Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr.

Gen. John J. Pershing, Maj. Gen. John F. O'Ryan and Maj. Gen. Franklin S. Ward are invited to a Canadian veterans' reunion at Toronto on June 21. . . . **The Duke of Gloucester,** King Edward VIII's brother, called last week on **Haile Selassie** in exile in London. They had met before at the 1930 Addis Ababa coronation.

Because a brother and sister of the **Dionne** quintuplets have measles, the quints are not receiving their parents these days. The five little girls have far surpassed Niagara Falls as Ontario's outstanding attraction. . . . One of the four **Kaspars,** month-old Passaic, New Jersey, quadruplets, has been graduated to cow's milk. . . . **George and William Dyer,** London, Ontario, twins, celebrated their eightieth birthday with a tribute to "plenty of hard work, sleep, good whisky and tobacco."

E. L. Cord came back last week. Two years ago he dropped active control of his motor, air-plane and shipbuilding interests and scurried for England. Rumor said it was disagreement with financial associates. Subordinates ran his affairs. Now he has taken back the reins.

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Harvest

From DOLE plantations, foot, truck, rail, tug, and barge daily transport the ripe, luscious crops to the Honolulu cannery. There, juice from the sun-ripened, field-fresh fruit is vacuum-sealed in cans. Sealed, too, is the true pineapple flavor.

Pure, with no added sugar, no preservative, DOLE Hawaiian Pineapple Juice retains in high degree the natural food values of the ripe pineapple. Your grocer can supply you with DOLE, the pick of Hawaii's harvest.

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Current Poetry

PORTRAIT OF A SLIM GIRL

BY PATRICK DACUS MORELAND

Unpatterned Aprils dream in her young cheek,
And truth is great in her unwavering eyes.
She knows me to the bone before I speak;
Though innocent of wisdom, she is wise.

Born of tall women who were beautiful
And skilful in a thousand ways of art,
She is unlearned of love in any school,
Yet brave for sanguine battles of the heart.

She is so pure, so confident, this child
With April buds in each firm breast, her mouth
A red, red rose of laughter dream-beguiled
And curved to poppy dances in the South.

She is not mine, nor will she ever be,
Tho she is generous. I must not care;
I am a ship far out on misty sea,
A song that lost itself upon the air.

—From *Seven Songs*.
(Doubleday, Doran and Company, New York.)

THE CHERRY-RAIN

BY MARIE DE L. WELCH

Good weather, soft weather,
Early summer weather now;
But there's the cherry-rain to come
That breaks the cherries on the bough;

The last rain, the bitter rain,
The rain from a false sky;
Nobody says "Good weather" here
Until cherry-picking's by.

The red-and-white cherries
And the wine-washed black,
Are bubbles on the branches
For cherry-rain to crack.

Bells will keep the birds away,
But all's in vain
To guard the tender cherries
From the cherry-rain.

Whoever speaks of weather now
Let him speak it small;
There's the last rain, the mocking rain,
The cherry-rain to fall.

—*The Commonweal.*

ROMANCE

BY FRANCES WARNER STOAKLEY

Never wind blew as this wind blows.
Never were clovered fields so red.
Never was maid the whole world's rose
Nor knight so true, tho his bright wounds bled.

Never was pain so deep with wos,
Nor strolling singer so heavy-sad;
Never was even a child so glad
As here where the dim page wakes and glows.

This is your doom and your peace, dear lad,
Till the last deed's done and the last word's said.
Laughter will linger, and labor, and bread.
Put up your book now. Climb into bed.

—*Spirit.*

PUNISHMENT

BY GERTRUDE RYDER BENNETT

I felt it would be useless
Attempting to explain;
I knew that I deserved rebuke
For I had caused you pain.

I bared my heart before you
And faced you, head unbent,
To take a dagger thrust of words
As bitter punishment.

I might have met your anger
With courage in my eyes,
Concealing my emotions well
With casual replies.

But you—you had no censure;
Your words were a caress.
I turned a coward, trembling
Beneath your tenderness.

—*America.*

IDEAL

BY MABEL CORNELIA MATSON

If I achieve one song so pure,
So luminous with truth,
It kindles light where no light played;
I will not grudge the price I paid
In crimsoned coin of youth.

—*Wings.*

TREASURE

BY HELEN TRAFFORD MOORE

The vaults of earth we fill and fill
With things that keys can bar,
But what can hold a daffodil,
Or snare a single star?

—*The Vermonter.*

SPINSTER

BY JOHN HEWETT CULP

She had no heart for Sapphic wrong
She had no lyre nor lover's lilt,
But wove her patchwork into song
And made an epic of a quilt!

—*Kaleidograph.*

PATRICK DACUS MORELAND, secretary to Gov. James V. Allred of Texas, likes excitement and has known much of it. Served in the Air Service in France during the World War. His earliest recollections are of a log cabin in the North Carolina hills

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Crime

SCREEN CLOSE-UPS:

"G Men" to Study Prey Before Cameras; Underworld Bits

"Screen tests" for criminals, recording their walk, speech mannerisms, gestures, and facial characteristics are New Jersey's answer to the criticism that scientific police methods come from Europe, not America.

Alphonse Bertillon, a Frenchman, devised the intricate system of physical measurements used by most law-enforcement agencies. Finger-printing is a European invention.

Now, American policemen have Col. H. Norman Schwarzkopf, ex-Superintendent of the New Jersey State Police, to thank for saving their reputation.

"G Men" will experiment with the movies learning how to put criminals at their ease as they direct them before the camera in walking around, lighting and smoking a cigarette, answering questions in a close-up. Detectives will be able to know by sight hundreds of criminals. Even laymen may see notable fugitives "acting" on the screen.

* * *

New York Police were assiduously smashing all crane, claw and digger "amusement" machines last week, as a result of the decision handed down by the State Court of Appeals that such machines are gambling-devices.

* * *

Col. Charles A. Lindbergh last week had $14,665 deposited to his account at the Bankers Trust Company, New York. The ransom-money found in the Hauptmann garage in 1934 had been held until now as evidence by the State of New Jersey. At the request of Prosecutor Anthony H. Hauck this money will be kept in a special bundle by the Treasury Department, to be used if an accomplice of Hauptmann ever should be arrested and tried.

"This does not mean that I anticipate a reopening of the case," said Mr. Hauck.

* * *

Arthur Gooch, the small-time gunman who was accused of kidnaping two policemen at Paris, Texas, in 1934, was refused a pardon by President Roosevelt. First victim of the "Lindbergh Law," he was scheduled to die on June 19.

* * *

With a pewter spoon, four convicts loosened the concrete around a steel bar, greased their bodies with soap, and squeezed out of the Grayson County (Tex.) "break-proof" jail.

* * *

Thieves are taking Saturdays off, according to a survey made by State's Attorney Thomas J. Courtney of Chicago. Once the biggest crime-day of the week, it has made way for Tuesday, when 25 per cent. of all crimes and 28 per cent. of all hold-ups in Chicago are committed.

* * *

"Washing" canceled documentary stamps, worth from $1 to $20 apiece, and selling them again at full value to unsuspecting commercial houses, was a racket uncovered by Secret Service men in Boston. Stamp-collectors sold the stamps to the "washers," who were accused of doing the Government out of $500,000, on stamps used for deeds and stock transfers.

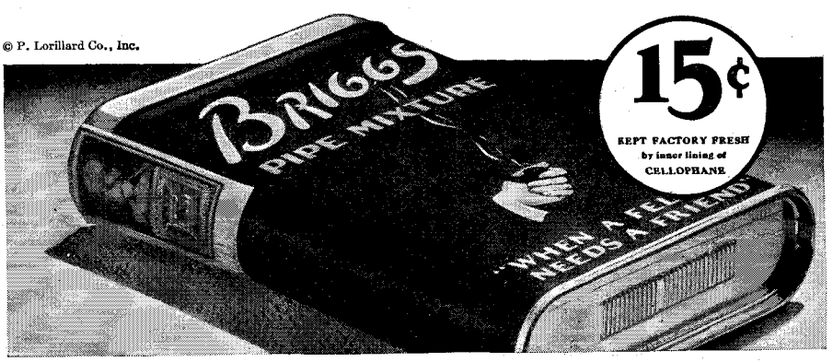
"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND..."

...Briggs has the winning touch!

THE beloved cartoonist, Clare Briggs, had a kindly genius for making new friends and keeping old ones. That is why Briggs Pipe Mixture was named in his honor. It, too, has a talent for friendship.

Most men who try this delightful blend take pleasure in introducing it to their friends . . . And nine times out of ten, those smokers who try Briggs once are sold for life on its appealing taste.

Try a tin yourself and you'll discover that Briggs is that long-sought combination of rich, rare flavor and bite-free mildness. This happy blend of choice long-aged tobaccos has a deeply gratifying quality that wears as well, week after week, and month after month... as does its modest price.



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THREE BILLIONS IN SMALL PACKAGES

Battle of Materials Raging in Growing Wrapping Industry

Purses for the Louis-Schmeling fight are a bagatelle compared with stakes involved in to-day's battle of materials within the $3,000,000,000 packaging industry.

In the industrial ring the main event involving Tin Can *vs.* Glass Bottle for beer was stopped this month by the United States Brewers Association, acting as referee.

Beer went foaming into cans in January of 1935 and reached general distribution within the year; tin visioned a $100,000,000 market, while glass reached out to protect its $3,000,000 beer-bottle interests, a mere fraction of the $110,000,000 glass container business including wine, liquor, ink, food, and the leader, medicine bottles.

Drawings courtesy *Modern Packaging* magazine

For beer: glass bottles vs. tin cans

Lustily the opposing interests laid about them with advertisements setting forth merits and demerits of the two types of containers.

The net result: glass and tin beer-container business increased out of all proportion to production of beer.

Controversy Deleted—Another result was foreseen last October by C. B. Larrabee, New York packaging authority; from ringside he yelled a warning to brewers that they would find themselves shouting more about containers than the suds in them. To-day, brewers take him at his word, and have exacted pledges from producers of glass and tin containers to delete controversial beer advertising.

Meanwhile, paper, plastics, foil and film products began to swagger about and bump into each other and both tin and glass.

Altho packaging materials have been involved in a Donnybrook Fair, all during the depression the industry as a whole has made steady, remarkable progress to its all-time high.

One outstanding cause was readiness of depression-hit manufacturers to adopt new designs and packages in fighting for elusive business.

Paper has stiffened up, and come forth with containers in which one-third of the nation's bottled milk is marketed. The paper milk-bottle meets a demand for a non-returnable container, and is confined largely to chain stores, while the glass bottle admittedly holds its supremacy for home delivery.

Aside from demands for special packages (an A-1 designer collects a $1,000 fee), manufacturers are demanding innumerably varied containers—some require a vacuum, a few want ventilation; some insist on hermetic sealing; others ask for moisture-, dirt-, stain-proof holders; still others must keep ingredients in jet blackness; neighboring packages on the shelf may have bay windows revealing the contents.

New-Fangled in '98—All this is a far cry from that day in 1898 when the National Biscuit Company sent Uneeda biscuits off to market dolled up in new wax-paper and cardboard packages, and were called crazy to expect to sell the things in such a new-fangled container.

Why, even a child knew in those days that crackers came loose in big boxes, butter in casks, molasses in barrels; dried fruit and almost everything else in grocery stores was right out in the open for pawing purposes and for flies and all to see and touch.

But elderly women shoppers recalled the first canned foods in New York in 1819 which preceded founding of the first cannery in 1841 in Baltimore. They recalled that as children they had seen merchants twist a bit of paper to make a cornucopia until the common paper bag was introduced in 1864. These women saw the convenience, purity, assurance of accurate weight, and other advantages of the Uneeda package.

They preferred the new type of package that was to be followed by packaging of 40 per cent. of the 1,400 articles that adorn the average grocery shelves—and 99 per cent. of the articles in drug-stores. And at the time of introduction of the new Uneeda package, manufacturers were perfecting new forms of prepared foods that required packaging without which feeding of massed urban populations would be almost impossible.

Trail Blazed—Hard on the heels of Uneeda biscuits came other pioneers, ginger-snaps and graham crackers in familiar packages that helped to identify the brand for customers.

Packaging has become indispensable to the $8,000,000,000 grocery business of 48,000 manufacturers distributing through 10,000 wholesalers and 500,000 retail stores to provide more than 300,000,000 meals daily in the United States.

To-day, decoration schemes of great department stores are planned on the basis of beautiful packaged displays. To-day, many of the newest developments of science are turned to packaging uses, some containers trapping and others excluding ultra-violet rays. The photoelectric-cell is used in making possible certain types of sealing accuracy.

New Plans—Some of the innumerable new packaging plans for the near future involve processes details of which are not revealed. These include a cost-saving laminating process that unites cellulose and foil into one sheet adaptable to cigarette packages and many other purposes, and a new copper foil made by an electrolytic process.

Despite great progress in development of packaging materials there is sharp difference of opinion.

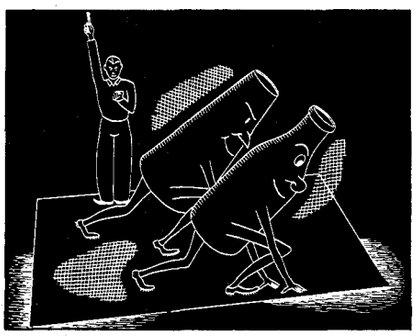
There is one school that maintains that a package good in 1880 is good enough to-day.

Also difference as to whether redesigning should be made in one fell swoop accompanied by a blast of advertising, or by a gradual transition such as the Smith Brothers cough-drops package is going through harasses merchandise counselors and vice-presidents in charge of sales.

The current issue of *Modern Packaging* asks "Is the Cigarette Industry going Rip Van Winkle?" and comments that with the exception of adoption of the transparent cellulose outer wraps they have tended to be ultra-conservative, and that three leaders have made no change in package designs in a decade or more.

Small profit margins and long training of public to recognize certain package styles is often behind reluctance to make radical changes.

In some mountain districts, illiterates buy goods by pointing to a familiar package; a new unfamiliar one will throw them off.



For milk: fiber cans in the race with bottles

Result: loss of sales.

General Motors in placing parts in fiber cans now uses photographs of the parts on the cans so that foreign mechanics can buy by pointing.

While to many merchandisers the container that can not be used again is a desired quality, there are others who favor packages with a secondary use. There is a tomato-juice container that can be used as a cocktail shaker, products in attractive glasses that invite housewives to acquire a set, a nursery-rime tin of syrup that can be used as a penny-bank.

Special Uses—Numerous containers have special uses, such as the graduated tube for doses of medicine, and a round carton that can be used as a garden-sprayer until the contents are gone.

It is not refillable.

Innumerable tales are told of increased sales attributed to new or newly designed packages.

Woolworth would not accept Clinton safety-pins for display and sale until a newly-designed and beautified card broke down resistance.

Then a $300,000 order was placed without argument.

Bert C. Miller, New York engineer who devotes himself to devising new and economical packaging materials, likes to tell of the Cellophane and Glassine paper pouch which stepped up sales of Tucketts Abbey pipe-tobacco when tested in Canada.

The greatest number of sales-success stories are connected with the introduction of various transparent cellulose wrappers which lured hundreds of articles out of obscure places and put them in prominent

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display on front counters, with resultant booming sales.

Cellophane leaped into an unprecedented place as a wrapper for candies, foods, shirts, handkerchiefs and other articles of apparel, books and magazines, and Cellophane and its followers in the transparent cellulose field now cover innumerable articles which need protection and visibility.

But here, again, the ever-present conflict of materials brought strange results. Cellulose wrappers in many instances replaced foil, forcing foil-makers into renewed efforts to improve their product. And so the conflict of packaging materials goes on with gains and losses for various materials, but general advancement for the industry that defied depression.

Capturing the packaging championship means more than ideas and bright colors. Engineers, too, must have their say. Witness the humble blown-glass bottle: some odd shapes that might attract a customer's eye, as a glass Scottie, have proven costly because of excess breakage in filling and capping.

Long-necked bottles, too, are apt to appear only half-full because of the air space at the top necessary for expansion when they are piping hot at the time of capping. But short necks make it difficult for crown-capping. Clever designers solve the problem.

* * *

Shaking his sandy-gray head this week, A. Atwater Kent, man of many whims and fancies; founder, President, and owner of Atwater Kent Manufacturing Company, Philadelphia, announced he is disbanding his production and distribution organization and will make no more radio sets this year.

Once before he quit making radios for two years. The company states it is "not in a position at this time to state what new line of activity it has planned for the future."

The change follows stoppage of network advertising January 1 and magazine and newspaper advertising six weeks ago after a reported twelve-months' advertising expenditure of $500,000.

Mr. Kent, an electrical engineer, first came into prominence as a maker of ignition systems for automobiles.

One company protested the price set for coils.

Kent ordered them back and destroyed them, rather than cut the price of a quality product. For several years his radios led the country in sales. At the peak his advertising appropriation was $5,000,000.

His factory, sometimes washed twice daily, is cleaner than many a housewife's kitchen.

* * *

This week through the country certain advertisements are directed by magazine, newspaper, mail, radio, telephone at the War veteran, flush with bonus cash, as the most recent instance of a growing tendency of advertisers to tie in world events with sales copy.

Furniture, autos, building lots, virtually every legitimate product—to say nothing of come-on schemes—have been offered to veterans who welcome the sudden boom of their credit ratings.

Advertising executives expect the practise of linking advertising to big news events will grow in popularity. They cite advertising use in recent weeks of the arrival of the *Queen Mary*, and the Supreme Court decision on the New York State Minimum-Wage Law.

Are You Asking
THESE QUESTIONS?

HOW
to Drive
to Travel
to Camp
to Dress

WHERE
to Go

WHAT
to Do
to Read

★

HOW to read a newspaper, to drive a car, to dress economically, to camp . . . *where* to go for a vacation trip . . . for the facts about emergency relief . . . *what* to read for profit and enjoyment . . . on these and other subjects of similar variety, special series of articles will appear this summer in The Christian Science Monitor—the newspaper that "dares to be different." William Henry Chamberlin tells about "Inside Japan" . . . eight articles describe the "trick vocabularies" of special industries. Special correspondents send full and exclusive reports of the Olympic games, the various conventions.

Regular features include special news stories by the Monitor world-wide staff of correspondents . . . the World's Day column (the news in focus) . . . feature pages on sports, finance, art, music, theater, education, children's interests . . . and an illustrated Weekly Magazine Section.

Six weeks' issues of the Monitor will be mailed to any address for $1.00 (see regular rates below), less than 3 cents a day. If your prefer, check coupon and mail for free copy of "Quick Acquaintance Folder" which gives dates and details of all special series.

The Christian Science Monitor

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR
Dept. 620. One, Norway Street, Boston, Massachusetts

☐ Please send The Christian Science Monitor for six weeks for which remittance of $1.00 is enclosed.

☐ Please send me free copy of "Quick Acquaintance Folder."

Name.....

Address.....

Price of Regular Monitor Subscriptions:

☐ 1 month $0.75
☐ 3 months 2.25
☐ 6 months 4.50
☐ 1 year 9.00

The Wednesday issue only, including the Magazine Section:

☐ 1 year $2.60

Special Offer

☐ 6 issues ..... .25

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AREAS OF DROUGHT PRAY FOR RAIN

Many Instrumentalities Tried by Man Throughout History

Pictures, Inc.

Dr. George Ambrosius Immanuel Morrison Sykes, "weather handicapper," made $8,000, . . . but the City Fathers decided to stick to Nature

Herodotus reports that the ancient Thracians, when they wanted rain, shot arrows into the clouds to make them disgorge. Rain magic still persists in the habits of superstitious sailors, who whistle and scratch the mast to bring fresh water, or blaze away at the skies with cannons.

Belief in magic persists among farmers, too; but more often the latter, especially in America, resort to prayer.

One day last week, a hundred or so of the 1,300 citizens of McRae, Georgia, gathered in their little Baptist Church, whishing palm-leaf fans and sighing for their crops which, like those in a dozen other States, were withered with drought. With them sat "Gene" Talmadge, neighbor and Governor, and his lips moved with theirs: "Lord, send us rain."

Even as they prayed, an excited child called that a storm was gathering. Within an hour, a crop-saving downpour was soaking the parched earth. "Thank God!" the Governor mumbled solemnly. "Never forget the efficacy of prayer."

Prayers Answered—Nor were the Faithful turning to God in Georgia alone. In busy metropolitan Birmingham, Alabama, the Rev. J. A. Bryan led a great prayer-meeting. A few hours later the heavens dumped a half-inch of water on the city, the first in six weeks. Far to the northwest, Acting Governor Walter Welford of North Dakota surveyed the shriveled wheat-fields and set aside Sunday as a Day of Prayer. From Minnesota to Montana, the churches filled; and even as the farmers lifted their anxious voices, the first precious drops splattered on baked buffalo sod.

No less fervent in his way was the American Indian, who burned herbs, smoked medicine-pipes, and performed weird dances to propitiate his Rain God. Ancient Africans had similar rites, and in modern times wars gave rise to the belief that bombardments brought unprecedented moisture, altho records subsequently showed precipitation was only normal.

At the turn of the century the United States Congress voted $9,000 for Gen. Robert Dyrenforth to conduct rain-making experiments in Washington and later on a sprawling Texas ranch. High into the air he sent balloons with dynamite, their time-fuses lighted, while he set off synchronous explosions below. Little rain fell, but from his work other wizards devised other schemes.

William Haight, a Los Angeles inventor, appeared in the California orange-belt with his "sky squeezer," a huge generator mounted on an eighty-foot tower which, he said, would break up the flow of electric currents in the air. It broke only those who invested in it. Another Californian, "Rain-Maker" Charles M. Hatfield, sat himself atop a tower and mixed chemicals calculated to condense moisture present in the air, but his methods were only partly successful.

Race-Track Wizard—But Dr. George Ambrosius Immanuel Morrison Sykes went after bigger game, and had better luck. A "weather handicapper," he took his bookmaking to Belmont Park, beautiful New York horse racing-plant, and taught the cagiest gamblers in the world a thing or two about odds. He persuaded the Governing Board that he could cause or prevent rain within twenty-five miles.

All he asked was $1,000 a day for every day it did not rain during race-time, and $2,500 for Saturdays. He agreed to pay $2,000 for every day it did rain during the prescribed hours. They let him rig up his contraption of aerials, dry cells, two old-fashioned radio sets, an electric heater, and numerous coils of wire.

In the six days before the Board dispensed with his services, Doctor Sykes made a neat $8,000, largely because it rains normally only one day in three at Belmont anyway. The Governors, wise in the wiles of book-odds, had overlooked the fact that they were giving one-for-two on a nine-to-one proposition. After leaving Belmont, Doctor Sykes offered to guarantee New York City twelve inches of rain in ninety days for a mere $350,000, but the City Fathers decided to stick to Nature.

An anonymous "scientist," having observed the beads on a glass of ice-water, offered the Federal Government a scheme to build a great ice-barrier across the Midwest, but his ardor was cooled by the discovery that it would cost some $20,000 a year per acre thus served. A more scientific method, somewhat more successful, involves scattering electrically charged sand from air-planes. Burning off forests also brings rain, but is rather expensive and wasteful for the results achieved.

The most effective rain-maker on record operated until recently in the Orange Free State. Farmers made up a kitty and he went to work seated comfortably on his front porch, flanked by a favorite wife on either side. A few magic signs were followed by a flood that washed many a pigsty and barn away, but during its electric prelude a bolt of lightning killed the magician before his spouses' startled but not unbelieving eyes.

MILK AND HONEY: Jewish Needle-Workers From New York Move Into New Promised Land

"And I am come down to . . . bring them . . . unto a good land and a large, unto a land flowing with milk and honey," the Lord Jehovah promised the Hebrews of old.

Two-score centuries later, thirty-five Jewish families of needle-workers in crowded districts of the Bronx, Brooklyn, and the lower East Side of New York last week were packing their belongings, saying good-by to their neighbors in stuffy tenements, and preparing to move to a new Promised Land.

When these families in a week or two march across the Hudson, their modern Jordan, to Hightstown, New Jersey, thousands of other Jewish hearts will follow them longingly to the first agricultural-industrial cooperative community financed by the Federal Government.

As these wanderers crowd off the buses in the center of their model community, there will be on their faces the bright hope of a people who are going to build a new center of community life and culture.

Around them they will see cinder-concrete block structures rising—200 five-and-six-room houses, stores, school, hospital,

© International

Some of New York's needle-workers . . .

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library, synagog, and community center. These institutions, plus the cooperative feature and the binding force of Jewish culture, they believe will bring success.

Profit-Sharing—After the emigrants to this experimental community have unpacked, begun housekeeping, and explored the 1,200-acre tract, they will begin making women's suits and coats in a government-built factory. Altho standard union conditions of work and wages will prevail, the profits of their industry will be divided among 200 families expected to complete the population by next fall.

Some of the residents will work on the 414-acre farm, raising fruits and vegetables for their own use, and also to be sold outside the community. A few will work in the laundry, the stores, from which the profits will be divided according to the amount of the purchases by the residents, and in the other necessary institutions of the planned village.

This cooperative work would not be so sure of success, leaders believe, if the families working and living in it were not bound together by the racial and cultural ties of Judaism. Aside from the economic purpose, there is the ideal of keeping alive Jewish customs, literature and traditions.

The project has been germinating in the dreams of Jewish leaders for the last twenty years. But it was not until November, 1933, when Benjamin Brown, Hightstown farmer and experimenter in a cooperative out in Utah, headed a committee submitting the idea to the Federal Government that the scheme got under way.

Cooperative Backers—Backing him were Dr. Chaim Zhitlovsky, Jewish educator and lecturer; Dr. Jonah Wise, National Chairman of the Joint Distribution Committee; Solomon Dingol, Managing Editor of *The Day*, Jewish newspaper in New York; and Louis Segal, General Secretary of the Jewish National Workers' Alliance, a fraternal group.

The original committee, including Albert Einstein, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Alfred Wallerstein, Maxwell Copelof, and Isador Lubin, with Brown as Chairman, submitted a proposition for subsistence homesteads. But the resulting cooperative comes from the Federal Resettlement Administration.

Jewish organizations have been as active as individual leaders in sponsoring the plan. The Workers' Alliance, the Workmen's Circle, the United Hebrew Trades, the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers were among them.

Another Colony—Like this Hightstown project, except that it is smaller, and set up by private interests, is the cooperative Sunrise community of about fifty families near Detroit, Michigan. And in Palestine, as part of the Jewish national movement, about 200 colonies have grown up in the last twenty years with Great Britain and the League of Nations as sponsors. Most of these are cooperative.

To gain admittance to the New Jersey community, aside from passing racial and occupational qualifications, each family must pay $500 cash, then make monthly amortization payments on homes. The factory will use part of its income to write off its debt to the Government over a forty-year period.

Smooth sailing has not accompanied every detail of the resettlement project. Despite the seasonal unemployment in the garment industry (which makes it dovetail nicely with farming), many union forces in New York oppose the plan, maintaining that it will take work away from the metropolis, center of the needle-work industry. Also, a New Jersey law was found which slowed up plans by prohibiting cooperatives unless they were run by State residents.

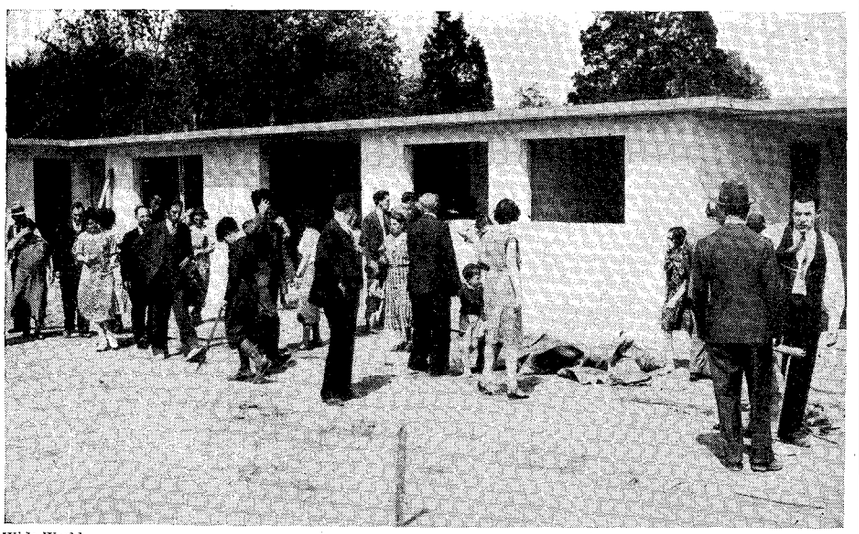
The migrating needle-workers overcame this obstacle by not forming their cooperative legally until they become State residents.

Jewish intellectuals of the socially-minded variety are watching Hightstown and its twin plans of economic cooperatives and a Hebrew cultural center. Visions of additional agricultural-industrial units in Michigan and Utah already are in their minds.

* * *

American pastors believe the two great menaces to society are (1) working wives, and (2) postponed marriages, according to a United Press survey conducted in 160 cities and made public this week.

Two out of three ministers advised against lengthy engagements, even though the bride must work to help establish the home. But when she continues working, they believe the following things happen: "The man's self-respect inevitably suffers." "Children must be postponed, or live like orphans." "The arrival of a baby boosts expenses and stops the wife's earnings, abruptly lowering living standards, and putting a heavy strain on marital ties."



Wide World

. . . inspect their future homes in the Federal Resettlement Administration's model industrial town at Hightstown, New Jersey

CONTINENTAL MOTORS
Powerful for the Nation
AMERICA'S STANDARD
Let US SEND YOU this Amazing Portable AIR-CONDITIONER
13 in. high--10 in. wide--7 in. deep--weight 10 lbs.

Attractive—Light Weight—Easy to Carry from Room to Room—Operates from Any Electric Light Socket

Enjoy the Summer Comfort of Air-Conditioning in Home and Office with KLEEN-AIRE

No matter how hot or stifling the weather, Kleen-aire will bring you home and office comfort. For about one cent a day Kleen-aire will enable you to revel in an atmosphere as fresh and pure as that of a breeze-swept lakeside. The air you breathe will be clean and free from soot, dust, smoke and pollen. And all the time you will experience a soft, gentle breeze that's both delightful and relaxing.

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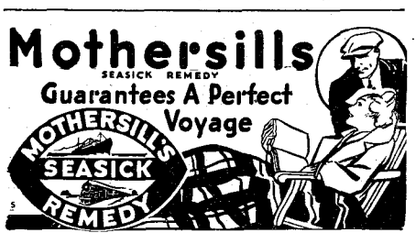

Off-Side

Safe-Deposit Stomach—Last week Robert Ford of Buffalo, New York, swallowed his $11 bank-roll to save it from a footpad. Later, while being given an anesthetic for treatment of a skull fracture, he coughed up the money, first ten dollars, then one.

* * *

Backward Safety—Recently police of Des Moines, Iowa, examined William Benjamin's car to see if it complied with safety regulations. They found he had no operator's license, and his car was minus brakes, headlight, bulbs, lens, horn, windshield wiper, rear warning light or proper wheel alinement. His rear-vision mirror was O.K.

* * *

Curing the Love-Lorn—Whenever Gordon Duffin, bachelor teacher of Windsor, Ontario, sees two love-lorn pupils gazing soulfully at each other, he gives them the "love test," seating them together. After two weeks, he says, they usually aren't speaking to each other.

* * *

Almost a Nero—Recently Bill Bryant of Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, was so engrossed in his fiddling that he failed to notice his house was burning down around him. Neighbors saved him and his fiddle. Everything else was lost.

* * *

Red-Faced Constable—A very embarrassed constable awoke the other morning in Redding, California. While he'd been sleeping, burglars had made off with his hat, coat, two revolvers, his constable's star, handcuffs, watch and even two warrants he had planned to serve the next day.

* * *

Icy Wedding—Memphis, Tennessee, recently had a wedding with the couple encased in cakes of ice. At the minister's insistence holes were cut in the sides to permit the couple to join hands during the ceremony. Afterward, friends chipped away the ice and rushed them to hot baths.

* * *

Centenarian Teeth—False teeth he made from the tusk of an African elephant slain 100 years ago are the current pride of T. Coughlin of Lewisham, New South Wales. They are described as dazzlingly white, light and very strong.

* * *

Messy Python—At Cleveland recently, two showmen, Frank J. Loughney and Cliff Wilson, decided to give their pet python a bath. The twenty-eight-foot, 200-pound python thought otherwise. Wrapping itself around Loughney's body and grabbing Wilson's hand in its mouth, it held on. After forty-five minutes, three friends and two policemen freed the men. "Now we not only have to wash it," wailed Loughney, "but we have to get into its mouth and see if Wilson's hand loosened any of its teeth. These things are delicate, you know, if they aren't properly cared for."

* * *

Knife-Sheathing Lung—Back in 1932, some one stabbed Leo Aubert of Gloucester, New Jersey, in a street fight. Last week surgeons removed the knife-blade from his left lung.

* * *

Pie for Longevity—His secret of longevity, confides ninety-one-year-old Bill Keler of Pasadena, California, is blueberry pie for breakfast. He's had one every day for the last twenty-five years.

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Sport and Sportsmen

RACING SAILBOATS TO "ONION PATCH"

Amateurs to Go Sleepless, Pitching and Tossing for 635 Miles

There are harder and more thrilling and vastly more dangerous sporting events in the world, but to American yachtsmen not many of them are as completely absorbing as the thirty-year-old game they call "hitting the onion patch."

The "onion patch" is Bermuda, a mere 600-odd miles from the mainland of America. The game is to get a sailboat there ahead of competitors, ranging from two to fifty in number.

The game sounds easy. All one needs is a fast boat, a good crew, and a reasonable amount of luck. The wind ought to take care of the rest.

Actually, the game is anything but easy. Proof of its difficulty lies in the intense interest taken in it in previous years by American yachtsmen, and, this year, by European skippers as well.

Next Monday some fifty boats, the largest entry in the history of the race, will set sail at noon from the starting-line off Brenton Reef Light-Vessel, Newport, Rhode Island, bound for St. David's Head, Bermuda.

Variety of Boats—There will be schooners in the race, long, gracefully-designed ships whose two or more towering masts and intricate sails set them at once apart from the slender, sharp-prowed, single-masted cutters.

There will be sloops, single-masted like the cutters, but broader and more solid-looking. And yawls, with their tall mainmast and the tiny aftermast that seems to jut up from the very ledge of the ship's stern. And ketches, similar to the yawls except that the aftermast is farther forward.

Most of the boats are American-built-and-owned. But this year there are six entries from Germany, and one apiece from Holland, Norway and the Free State of Danzig.

Manning them will be approximately 300 amateur yachtsmen, embarked on a race that will take them 635 miles across the choppy Gulf Stream, facing three and a half to four days of constant pitching and tossing.

Exhausting Work—If they don't know it by previous experience, they will soon find out that their work of changing sails and taking the wheel and the other thousand and one chores aboard ship will leave them exhausted in short order.

But sleeping will be almost an impossibility. True, the cabins of their small ships are well-equipped for cruising. There are bunks for them, but the unending tossing and heaving over the waves will preclude anything like a sound sleep.

All of these 300 amateur sailors can depend on being soaked with cold sea water most of the time. And four out of every five, experts say, will become seasick.

Considering everything, the unpleasantness would hardly seem to justify the honor of helping win the trophies offered by the Cruising Club of America and the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club, sponsors of the race.

But even tho few of them could explain why this extended discomfort is so fascinating, probably not one of the 300 yachtsmen would fail to say he considers ocean racing the greatest thrill in sailing.

Possibly the answer lies in the very difficulty of the race. First of all, the boats are small. Present rules limit them to seventy-three feet, a distance scarcely greater than a quarter of a city block.

Navigation Problem—Then, too, there is the problem of finding Bermuda, a comparatively tiny speck of land far out at sea.

The typical boat entered in the Bermuda race is a schooner, measuring between fifty and sixty feet. Its value is somewhere between $30,000 and $40,000, altho owners have spent up to $75,000 on small schooners.

Professionals Barred—Each boat carries a crew of at least four persons. Usually all, with the exception of a cook and a sailor, are amateurs. Amateurs will in most cases, mainly through pride, keep working in spite of seasickness. But professional sailors usually quit work when they succumb.

In an average crew of eight amateurs, at least two are skilled navigators.

Nine out of ten boats are equipped with power-plants. No boat is allowed to use its motor during a race. But the motor is there and can be used if the sailing rig is smashed by storms, or if fire or a leaking hull make speed to shore a necessity.

For all this, ocean sailing, particularly in small boats of the Bermuda type, appears to be a very dangerous business. Actually, judging from the number of lives lost, the element of risk is surprizingly small.

"More than two thousand men in 350 little ships have raced half a million miles," writes Alfred F. Loomis, veteran yachtsman, in his authoritative book, "Ocean Racing," to be published next Wednesday by William Morrow and Company.

"They have defied the sea and tempted it and cheated it in seventy years of ocean racing, and from all these occasions the sea has held in forfeit only thirteen lives."

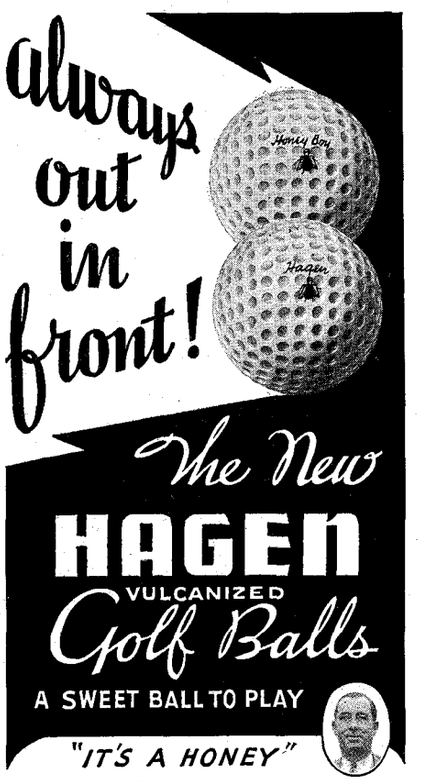
Of these thirteen, only one man was lost in a Bermuda race. In the 1932 race a schooner burned. The helmsman waited too long before jumping to the deck of the rescuing vessel, fell between the ships and drowned.

Six of the thirteen casualties, Mr. Loomis records, occurred during the transatlantic race of 1866 that started the whole business of ocean racing. That race, a three-schooner affair, was a 3,000-mile brush from Sandy Hook to the Isle of Wight for a pot of $90,000.

The entrants were Pierre Lorillard's *Vesta*, George and Franklin Osgood's *Fleetwing*, and James Gordon Bennett's *Henrietta*, an outsider distinguished principally by the fact that it was the only ship carrying its owner.

Weather Handicap—The schooners set out in the severest season of the year, mid-December. Eight days out of Sandy Hook, in a gale and a heavy sea, *Fleetwing* lost four seamen and two quartermasters.

Six days later the outsider, Bennett's *Henrietta*, scudded into the Channel eight hours and fifteen minutes ahead of *Fleetwing*, and another forty-five minutes ahead



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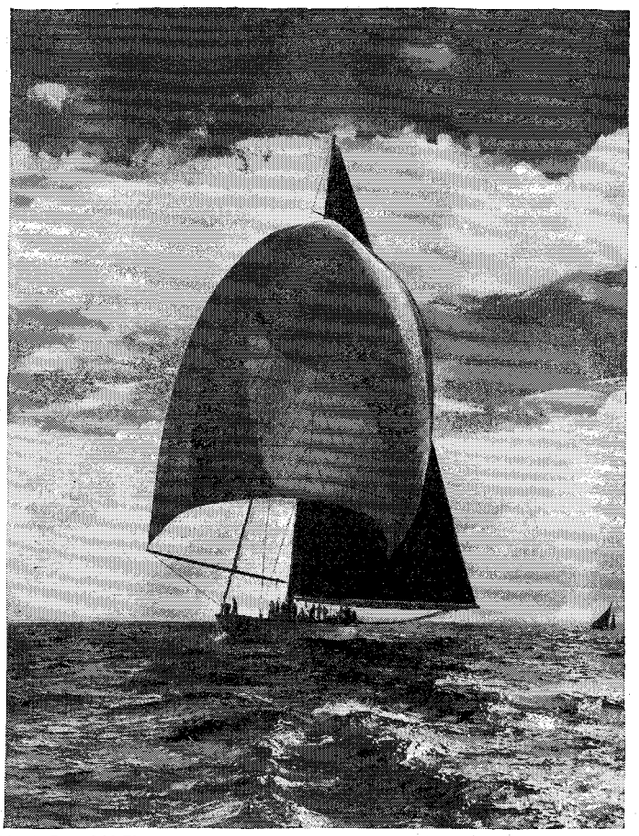
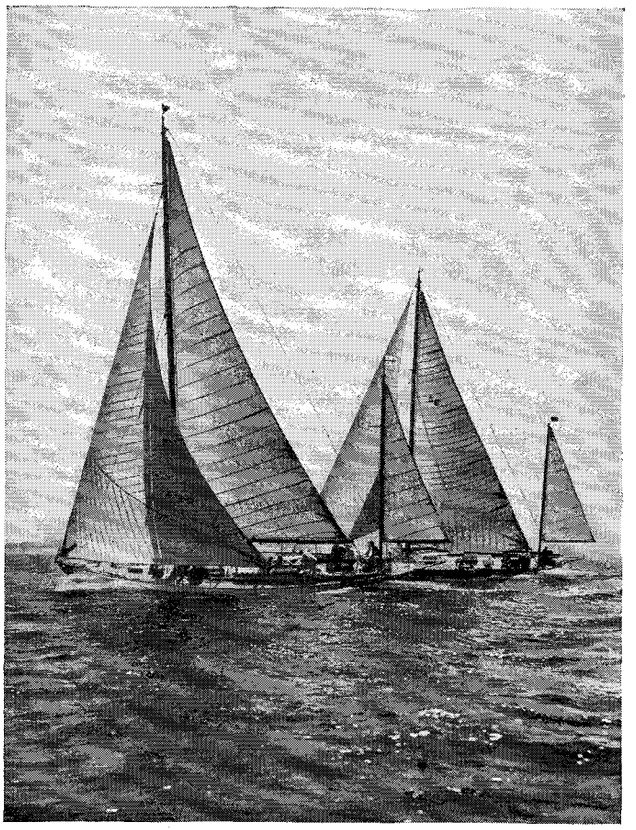




Morris Rosenfeld Photos

Chandler Hovey's cup sloop, "Weetamoe," unfurls its parachute spinaker on a windy day at Vineyard Sound; (right) Commander H. J. Schaefer's "Edlu" to windward of Philip LeBoutillier's "Stormy Weather"; both yawls are Bermuda Race entries

of *Vesta*. Interest in this and other ocean races among larger yachts increased rapidly. Probably the most important of the regular fixtures developing since is the Fastnet race, a turbulent dash of 170 miles from Land's End, England, around the Fastnet Light near the Irish Coast, and back again.

The longest of the regular sailing-yacht ocean events is the 2,300-mile race from California to Honolulu, to start on July 4 this year. But veterans of the Fastnet and Bermuda races are inclined to be slightly disdainful of the transpacific jaunt.

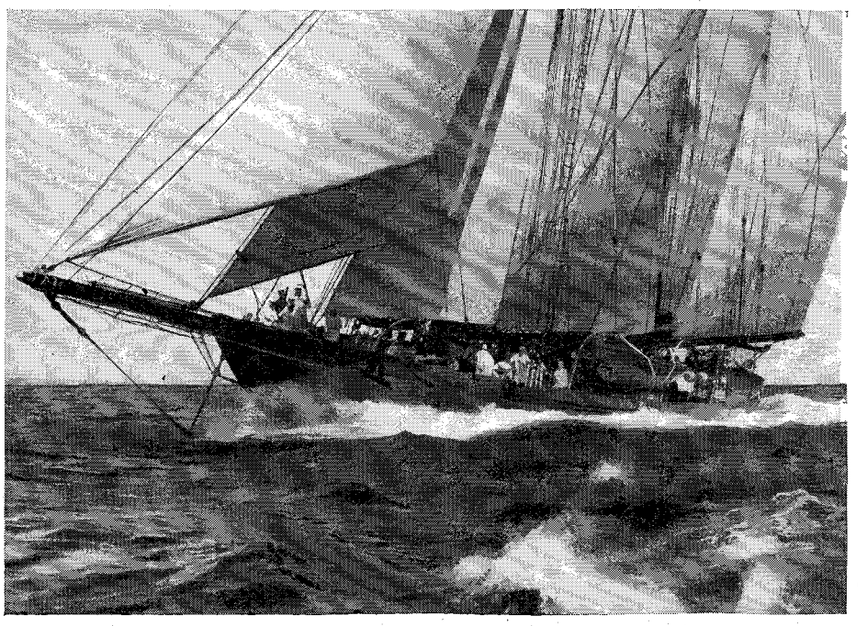
The Honolulu race is longer, yes, but the sea is usually calm, the winds obliging, and the goal a 200-mile width of islands whose tall cliffs can be seen from a distance of 100 miles. There are no such guide-posts to Bermuda.

Wide-Spread Interest—Interest in these short and long distance races has helped encourage sailing-consciousness all over the world. But to most people the expense of owning and sailing boats capable of competing in ocean races is prohibitive.

Consequently, in the past forty years, an enormous variety of small, inexpensive sailboats has come into existence. The idea, similar to mass-production of automobiles, involves building fleets of boats identical in appearance and specifications. They are known as "one-design" boats.

The first one-design boats were built by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club in 1892. Four years later yachtsmen at Newport, Rhode Island, popularized a class of thirty-foot boats, known as Newport thirties.

How many of these one-design boats have been invented since will probably never be estimated. William F. Crosby, in his book, "Small Boat Racing," lists 138 one-design and restricted class boats, ranging in size from the seven-foot rookie to the fifty-eight-foot ten-meter one-design.



"Atlantic," Gerard B. Lambert's famous three-masted schooner, photographed on Long Island Sound

Named usually for the home of their birth, these boats bear such interesting class names as *Annisquam Fish, Seattle Flattie, Duxbury Duck, Warwick Necker* and *Nantucket Indian*.

Probably the most popular of the smaller and cheaper boats is the snipe, designed five years ago to attract the custom of office boys, mechanics, clerks, and all other unmoneyed citizens stricken with sea fever.

Only fifteen and a half feet long, somewhat resembling a rowboat, the snipe can be built at an average cost of $175. Upkeep averages $25 a year.

Limits on Expense—So determined is the Snipe Class International Racing Association to keep costs down that no one can register a boat worth more than $350, nor buy more than two sets of sails a year at the top price of $50 a set.

Almost 1,900 snipes are registered with the association, and compete in this country, in Italy, Canada, Argentina, France, Trinidad, Dutch West Indies, Scotland, Cuba, the Virgin Islands, Hawaii, Japan, the Philippines, Canal Zone, Spain, Australia, and elsewhere for the International Point Score Championship.

One enthusiastic snipe owner who has not yet won the International championship is a Turk, Yüzhaz I Neche I Bey, who operates his small yacht near his home at Umümmüeürlügü, Golcük, Ismit.

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Finance and Industry

FRENCH BANK "AUTOCRACY" IN PERIL

Radicals Charge Control of Nation by 200 Rich Families

The guillotine threatens to fall in Paris again, but this time not with the savage cruelty that reigned during the days beginning with the 1789 Revolution.

It is a parliamentary weapon rather than a heavy blade of steel and it is aimed at the 200 wealthy and aristocratic families that Communists declare control France, lock, stock and barrel.

The executioner is Premier Léon Blum and his Popular Front Government, swept into office with the victory of the Radical Socialists, Socialists and Communists in the recent French elections. Their campaign cry had much to do with their victory. "*Les Deux Cents Familles!* Neutralize them or they'll break us."

The object is to shear power, not heads —power given by Napoleon Bonaparte when he set up the Bank of France as a privately owned institution in 1800, eleven years after French Royalist heads started rolling in gutters by the hundreds.

Bonaparte, First Consul, set up the Bank and Napoleon, First Emperor, completed the statute that perpetuates control in the hands of the bank's largest stockholders—the "200 families."

Blow at Power—This control Premier Blum and his cohorts would smash through legislative fiat, switching it to representatives regularly chosen by the State from Departments of the Executive, Judiciary, Labor, Commerce, Industry, and Agriculture.

The Bank of France controls the credit of France. In a country that uses comparatively few checks, it has the sole right to issue paper money, owning the gold which backs this currency. It is the bank of discount and rediscount. To it come many business men with commercial paper on which they wish to borrow, and on it depend the commercial banks for rediscounting in times of stress when they have to convert assets into cash.

The Bank acts as the Treasury's fiscal agent, having a monopoly for the deposit of State funds, on which it pays no interest. In turn-about fashion, it has lent the Government money without interest through many ordeals. During the World War period it advanced to the Treasury 26,000,000,000 francs cash—some $1,700,000,000 at to-day's rates of exchange.

In keeping with its eminence, the Bank of France occupies a four-story building two blocks from the Louvre in the Rue de la Vrillière in Paris, a seventeenth-century mansion, once the residence of the Princess de Lamballe, the friend of Marie Antoinette. It has passed unscathed as a private institution through Napoleon's Consulate (1799), the Empire (1804), the Restoration (1814), the July Monarchy (1815), the Second Republic (1848), and so far the Third (present) Republic (1871).

Spread Over Nation—In addition to the head office, there are eighteen branches in Paris and the suburbs, and numerous branches and sub-branches scattered throughout the Provinces.

Altho nearly 41,000 shareholders own the 183,500 shares of the bank's stock (currently quoted at about 5,750 francs—about $380), the Napoleonic decree places voting power only in the General Assembly, composed of the 200 largest stockholders, who must be French citizens.

With one vote apiece no matter how large a block each holds, this group elects fifteen Regents, three drawn to censor the Bank's affairs with the Treasury, and twelve from among its members. The Regents, together with a Governor General and two assistant governors appointed by the State, form the General Council which rules supreme over the Bank.

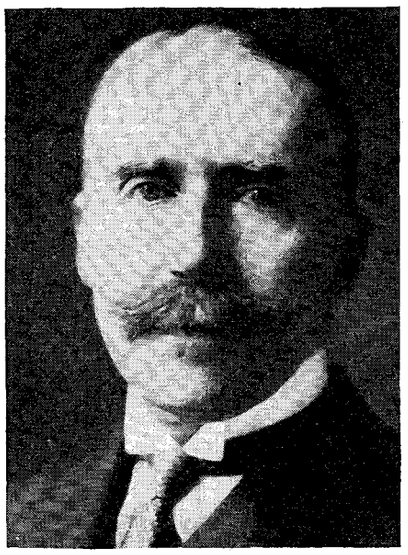
It is the twelve member Regents and the head Governor who count at the informal weekly luncheon meetings, where each Council member has one vote and a majority opinion rules. For the State, the Governor can veto action if he wishes, but French critics find reasons why control really rests with the twelve Regents.

"In the past, when the King was a minor, a Regent governed in his place," wrote Francis Delaisi, noted French financial authority. "French democracy now has twelve Regents."

Form of Control—Who are these ruling Regents? Just like the 200 stockholders who elect them, they stem in the main from great French families, the old nobility and the middle class that grew up under Napoleon.

But the leaders of the clans are, nevertheless, the industrial and banking giants of France. Napoleon decreed that five Regents must be drawn from commerce and industry, but said nothing about the seven others. Bankers soon gobbled up these places and the family names linger on the list of Regents.

The banking list would not be complete without the Rothschilds. They began by financing the revolt of Europe against Napoleon, and prospered under Louis-Philippe and Napoleon III (1852 to 1871). In 1855 a Rothschild occupied a Regent's seat, just as Baron Edouard de Rothschild,



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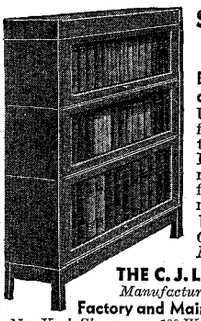

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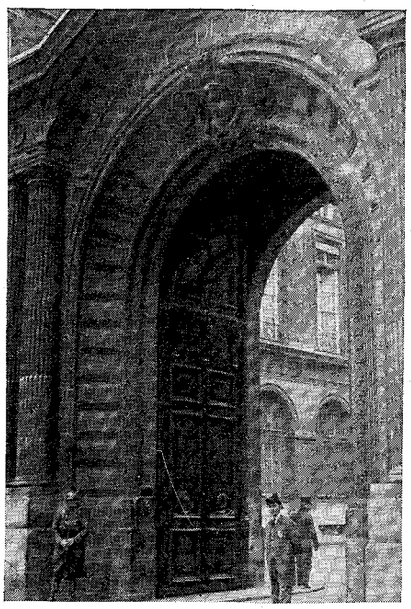


Pictures, Inc.

Few visitors who pass the portal of the Bank of France are allowed to—

banker, railroad president, and sportsman, sits in one to-day.

Of the five industrialists, Francois de Wendel offers the best target for Communists and Socialists. President of the Comité des Forges, embracing the great French armaments trust, he is interested in other industries and newspapers; he is also a Senator.

Bunched together, the power of the twelve non-governmental Regents extends throughout French finance and industry. All told, a recent survey disclosed, these Regents occupy 150 seats in the directorates of ninety-five corporations, many of them the biggest in France. The sweep includes thirty-one private banks, eight insurance companies, nine railroads, eight navigation, armament, and warehouse enterprises; twelve chemical, seven metallurgical, six electrical companies, and mining and other interests.

Regents' Power—"It is obvious that it is important for these men to be Regents of the Bank of France," wrote Francis Delaisi, who made the study, in the Paris *Vu*. "They are thus placed in a better position to cash in on enterprises whose stocks are sold on the Exchange; to take advantage of the movement of capital, the fluctuation of discount rates; and, in case of crisis, to cover stock that they have sold short and to engage in other operations."

According to unfriendly critics, the Governor of the Bank usually sides with the Regents, altho he is appointed by the State. Usually a non-political economic official without much wealth, he must own a hundred shares while he holds his post. Regents will gladly "sell" on credit, and they often find positions for retiring governors and assistant governors in one of their many corporations. Regents have overthrown Governments by using the power of the bank, but no Government has yet overthrown the Regents.

Premier Léon Blum opened the Popular Front attack on the Bank by boosting the Governor, Jean Tannery, "upstairs" to the position of Honorary Governor. In his place the Blum Cabinet appointed Emile Labeyrie, a partizan of the Popular Front, a State functionary by career, and Attorney General of the Court of Audits.

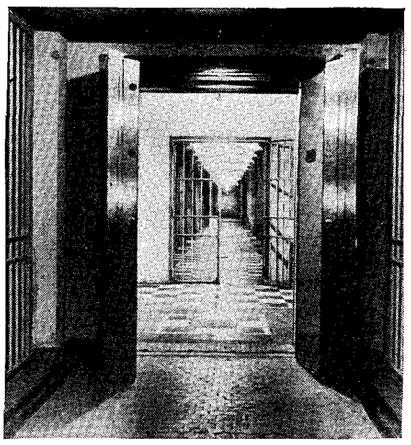
The new Governor, good-humored and pleasant, nevertheless spoke ominously to the Regents last week. Will the Popular Front Party carry out its plans for vast credit expansion against the Regents' opposition? Will the Regents dominate the Government as they have in the past or will the Government dominate the Bank of France?

Two hundred nervous French families would like to know.

HORSE ON BANK: Trust Company Finds It Takes Time to Make Yearlings Two-Year-Olds

The story of a bank in the horse-racing business turned up in an otherwise drab, 800-page receiver's report in Baltimore last week. Simon E. Sobeloff, former Federal attorney, had probed the tangled affairs of the defunct Baltimore Trust Company. Not the least interesting chapter of his report was that captioned: "Horses from Europe."

Federal Judge Eugene O'Dunne wrinkled his brows over the story. Its central character, William A. Read, of Australia, Mexico, Wyoming, Oklahoma and London, visited America ten years ago. He toyed first



Wide World

—continue on through the entrance of the vaults until they can see—

with the idea of promoting Western oilfields, then formed the Laurel Park Stud Company.

To English capitalist sportsmen he explained: "We'll buy yearlings in England and Ireland and bring them to America. Eventually, we'll sell them at the Saratoga auctions as two-year-olds." The capitalist sportsmen listened, then bought $250,000 in debentures, and preferred stock.

Horseflesh to Gold—From Commander J. K. L. Ross, wealthy Canadian sportsman, Mr. Read acquired a 600-acre racing-plant forty miles from Washington, D. C. On the gently rolling meadows bordering the Baltimore-Washington road he set out to turn horseflesh into gold. Quickly he discovered, however, that the initial $250,000 capital was insufficient to finance operating costs.

From the Baltimore Trust Company Mr. Read sought $250,000 more and obtained it on a series of sixty- and ninety-day notes.

The story of "Horses from Europe" continued:

"It must have been obvious that yearlings could not become two-year-olds in so short a time, and the notes were renewed. It was anticipated, however, that the horses would be sold in September, but the Laurel Park Stud Company found it impossible to sell horses at the auction.

"Having involved the bank in the affairs of the stud-farm, the officers of the bank should have acted promptly to take control of the horses and arrange to sell them at once at the best obtainable price.

"However, this was not done. In the meantime, the horses had to be fed and cared for. A few horses at a time were sold to raise money enough to maintain those that remained. Read also engaged in a little racing at considerable expense, but there is no record of any purse having been captured.

"Before the Baltimore Trust Company moved to protect itself, there was nothing left—not even horses."

Dual Collapse—Eventually both bank and stud-company collapsed.

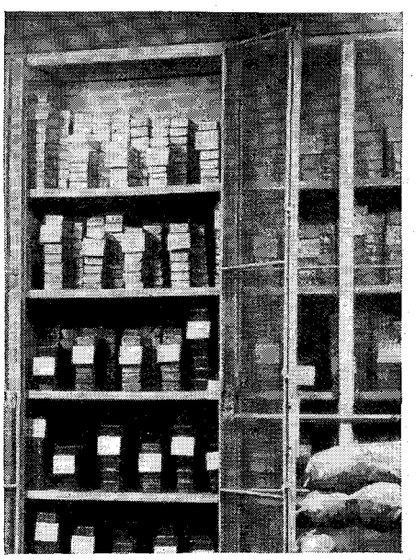
Against the directors of the bank, Mr. Sobeloff's report counseled civil suits. They had been "inexcusably reckless," he stated, but no evidence of corruption and evil intent existed. Mr. Sobeloff did not point out what every banker knows—that banks often enter business against their will. Reluctantly, when debtors defaulted, bankers also have become clothiers, furniture distributors, even liquor-sellers.

BUSINESS CASUALTIES: New Surveys Clarify High Death Rate Among Ventures

From a massive, lower Broadway structure, a stone's throw from Park Row and the Woolworth Tower, messengers last week hustled on a weekly chore. As on every other Wednesday the year round they scurried to metropolitan newspaper financial desks with five-day insolvency reports compiled by Dun and Bradstreet, Inc., ninety-six-year-old mercantile agency.

To financial editors the figures held only routine interest; listlessly they noted that 188 business concerns failed during the five-day period ended June 4 as against 180 during the previous week and 234 during the similar period last year.

But back in the solemn, fifteen-story pile whence the mesengers had come statisticians, concentrating amidst the shouts



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—the bank's gold bricks and bags of coin

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and clatter rising from the New York *Sun's* loading platform outside their windows, pieced the figures into charts which told an interesting story of the impermanence of American business in general and retailing in particular.

Last year, these figures told them, 412,611 concerns were born; 408,205 died. Yet few of the mortalities were failures. Of the 408,205 withdrawals, only 11,875—5.1 per cent.—had failed.

Business Diagnosis—What lay behind the withdrawals, the failures? Could merchants be inoculated against sudden business death with a serum of charted experience? Dun and Bradstreet sought the answers with three annual retail surveys.

Data on this year's study had trickled in over the last several months. This week the credit rating organization sped up efforts to correlate information on sales, stocks, credit, overhead, profit margins.

Approximately 25,000 retailers answered questionnaires; only 20,000 returned figures that could be studied. Survey experts scratched their heads. No wonder retailers popped in and out of business like jacks-in-a-box. Fully one-fifth didn't even keep accurate accounts!

Between the lines statisticians read the story of many a business.

John Doe had tried numerous jobs and failed. Then anxious kin suggested a grocery store. John Doe possessed $500 savings; relatives furnished another $500. With half his capital John Doe paid a month's rent, altered the store front and purchased second-hand display cases, cash register and scales. With his remaining $500 John Doe paid an instalment on $1,500 worth of stock. Proudly he surveyed his newly-dusted shelves of vegetable and soup tins, his gleaming jars and bottles, his bright glass show-case fronts. He donned a fresh apron and tucked a pencil behind his ear. Presto! John Doe had becomes a Tradesman.

Wide-Spread Ventures—Throughout the nation daily, approximately 1,100 other John Does hang out "open for business" signs on stores selling hardware, women's specialties, shoes, confectionery. Daily, also, a similar number turn out the lights, lock the windows, pay as many bills as they are able and, for the moment at least, forsake the life of the *entrepreneur*.

In no nation is entrance into business so easy (even in 1932, ebb-tide of the depression, 338,000 concerns ventured into business); in none is average business so short-lived. Had John Tradesman possessed the hindsight of the statisticians he would know that he could expect to remain in business about five years.

Actually, the active life of the average enterprise during the five years from 1931-1935 approximated five and one-half years. Millinery shops, statisticians discovered, suffered the highest infant mortality rate. But candy and confectionery shops, cigar stands, delicatessen and grocery stores lagged not far behind.

The average male American lives 59.31 years, the American woman 62.83 years. Seemingly, ever-changing fads, fashions, and human desires are more deadly to business life. Of 13,000,000 concerns launched since 1900 fewer than 1,982,900 survive.

Yet mercantile history boasts hoary antiquarians which unlike men can count their years in centuries and not in scores.

Notable Survivors—The Hudson Bay Company, chartered more than a century before John Hancock flourished his name to the Declaration of Independence, trades aggressively to-day and holds, in addition, vast areas of Canadian land.

Seventeen going American concerns did business on the day of America's birth. Francis Perot's Sons Malting Co. entered business as loyal subjects of his Majesty King James II in 1687, only sixty-seven years after the Pilgrim Fathers' Plymouth Rock landing. J. E. Rhoads and Sons, dealers in leather, set up shop in 1702, one year after their city, Philadelphia, incorporated.

In New York City alone, the Hundred Year Association boasts fifty-four members who have weathered a century or more of business. Included in the venerable company are Arnold Constable & Co., Fifth Avenue department store, founded by Aaron Arnold and his cousin George Hearn in 1825, the year John Quincy Adams was inaugurated President. Included also are Cowperthwait & Son, furniture retailers who can look back on 129 years.

To remain in business these hardy centenarians survived panics and prosperity, war and peace, the changing modes in finance, credit, and banking. Why did others drop out?

The Answers—Economists are ready with two reasons: incompetence and lack of *sufficient capital*. Novices in business gorge themselves on overexpanded inventory; later they starve from overextension of credit to customers. The wholesaler in some lines must replace almost 25 per cent. of his accounts annually or go out of business in four years.

Chain establishments, too, have wrought havoc with the independent retailer. But the speed of chain store expansion has slackened. Independents have copied their technique and banded together in cooperatives to buy merchandise and run their own warehouses.

In the gloomy picture of swift business turnover and high "infant mortality," statisticians see a ray of cheer. Failures last year were lowest since 1921. From the all-time peak of 31,822 in 1932, they had receded to 11,879.

Furthermore, the retail survey disclosed that average retail business in 1935 topped that of 1934 by 12.7 per cent. This month, economists and merchants knew, sales would advance further as bonus payments to veterans begin to tinkle in a million and one cash registers.

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A. D. Whiteside, of Dun & Bradstreet . . . found that many retail businesses are short-lived

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The Spice of Life

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Substitute.—"Tommy, what is a synonym?" the teacher asked.

"A synonym," said Tommy, wisely, "is a word you use when you can't spell the other one."—*Grit.*

Nothing New.—A lady was entertaining her friend's small son.

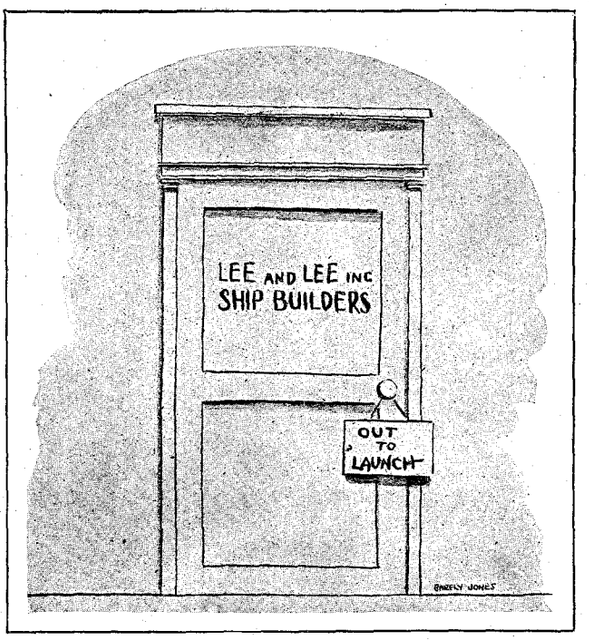
"Are you sure you can cut your meat?" she asked, after watching his struggles.

"Oh, yes," he replied, without looking up from his plate. "We often have it as tough as this at home."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Shaky.—A man was fumbling at his keyhole in the small hours of the morning. A policeman saw the difficulty and came to the rescue.

"Can I help you to find the keyhole, sir?" he asked.

"Thash all right, old man," said the other cheerily, "you jusht hol' the housh shtill and I can manage."—*Fifth Corps Area News.*



—Jones in The Harvard Lampoon

Comatose Courtship.—BIER—"The Weavers are so quiet tonight. Is there anything wrong?"

GARDINER—"No; they're always that way. When he proposed he just held up a diamond ring and said 'Eh?' and she looked at it and said 'Uh-huh.'"—*Pathfinder.*

Demotion.—Gail Borden tells of the young theater man advanced from chief usher to house manager at $35 salary. First week he put in 77 hours and made out the pay-roll. Noting that stage-hands, operators, et al, rated $85 to $96 a week and overtime amounts of $12 to $24, he put himself down for his overtime at $2 per hour. Now he's chief usher again.—*The Spotlight.*

Worth Knowing.—He took her in his arms.

"Oh, darling," he murmured, "I love you so. Please say you'll be mine. I'm not rich like Percival Brown. I haven't a car, or a fine house, or a well-stocked cellar, but, darling, I love you, and I can not live without you!"

Two soft arms stole around his neck, and two ruby lips whispered in his ear:

"And I love you, too, darling; but—where is this man Brown?"—*Boston Herald.*

Pretty Soft.—Max Mefoofsky, we just learned at this tardy date, came over on the same boat that brought back Greta Garbo.

"Hmmm," hmmd Mefoof, as he ankled down the gangplank, "sotch a movveluss improvements—dey got cushions on de gengplenk!"

"Cushions, my heye!" screamed Greta, "gat huff my feet!"—*Walter Winchell in the New York Daily Mirror.*

Stuck.—Grandpappy Morgan, a hillbilly of the Ozarks, had wandered off into the woods and failed to return for supper, so young Tolliver was sent to look for him. He found him standing in the bushes.

"Gettin' dark, Grandpap," the tot ventured.

"Yep."

"Suppertime, Grandpap."

"Yep."

"Airn't ye hungry?"

"Yep."

"Wal, air ye comin' home?"

"Nope."

"Why ain't ye?"

"Can't."

"Why can't ye?"

"Standin' in a b'ar trap."—*Growler.*

Getting Somewhere.—The two tramps were stretched out on the green grass. Above them was the warm sun, beside them was a babbling brook. It was a quiet, restful, peaceful scene.

"Boy," mused the first tramp contentedly, "right now I wouldn't change places with a guy who owns a million bucks!"

"How about five million?" asked his companion.

"Not even for five million," drowsed the first tramp.

"Well," persisted his pal, "how about ten million bucks?"

The first tramp sat up.

"That's different," he admitted. "Now you're talking real dough!"—*Mark Hellinger in the New York American.*

The Real Thing.—Virginia Faulkner tells about the two movie actresses who went to the opera. . . . One actress said to the other: "If you close your eyes, can't you just imagine you're home at the radio?"—*Sidney Skolsky in the New York Daily News.*

Slips That Pass in the Type

He was found here, selling magazines, and licing in a cheap hotel room.—*Pittsburgh paper.*

Brother, you hit it that time.

Thirty-three schools were picked to rank high in the final tabulations. Thirty-three schools were entered.—*Syracuse paper.*

No favorites, no also-rans.

Mr. and Mrs. P—— W. S—— are being felicitated on the girth of a son at Good Samaritan hospital.—*Portland (Ore.) paper.*

And no matter what they name him, he'll always be "Fatty."

Fire of undetermined origin swept through the new Dinuba High School to-day and destroyed the $150,000 structure, and went back to work.—*San Francisco paper.*

It's only been playing all this time?

A screaming crowd of 200 men and women to-night attempted to lynch S. S. . . . . Two policemen defended the prisoner until refreshments arrived.—*Honolulu paper.*

Then it was every man for himself.

Fifteen men were charged with a new Black Legion kidnaping to-day in a warrant asked by Prosecutor D—— C. McC——, who said that three of the men had been taken into custody. He said one of the three had confessed that R—— P——, of Ecorse, was abducted, tied to a tree and lashed.

The final 36-hole round will be played tomorrow.—*New Britain (Conn.) paper.*

What's this—a game?

WANTED—Don't cheat yourself—Let us do it. P——'s Café. Plate lunch 20c. Dinner 40c. —*Crawfordsville (Ind.) paper.*

What, at those prices?

Mrs. J—— J. E——, Miss A—— E—— and W—— E—— are the horse show in Greenville, S. C.—*Atlanta (Ga.) paper.*

Always cutting capers, that crowd.

Mrs. H—— wore pale pink satin. Both the bride and Mr. H——wore white trousers with dark coats.—*Clay Center (Kan.) paper.*

We can remember the days when you could tell the bride and bridegroom apart.

Movie Dope: The Ken Maynard horse is Tarzan. He is married to a non-professional. —*Boston paper.*

In Hollywood, Mrs. Tarzan is known as a home-girl, famous for her rolled oats.

"The inflow into these reservoirs," he said, "has one source and only one, that is the rain water which falls on the surface of the ground. The outflow is represented by natural flow into the ocean, plus pumping from thousands of wellsfl z z z z z —*New York paper.*

We were just dozing off ourself.

Our regular church musical program will consist of a number of the quartet, composed of Mr. and Mrs. B—— and Dr. and Mrs. B——. Two duets will be given also. This will be followed by a half hour's concert by the hill billy band. An evangelistic massage will follow.—*Azusa (Calif.) paper.*

To restore the circulation.

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